The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

For several years the "Reader" section of The Bookman has been devoted to a critical and biographical article dealing with one particular author. While retaining this popular feature of the magazine, we propose in future to vary it occasionally by critical articles on special literary masterpieces and by articles dealing with the topographical and historical aspects of literature. The success of our recent "Edinburgh Number" gives us confidence that these changes will meet with the approval of our readers.

The Bookman for May will contain an illustrated article on "Henry Esmond" by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, joint-editor of "The Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature."

Many hundreds of literary workers in London are eagerly awaiting the allocation of the special tickets to be issued by the Director of the British Museum for the use of the library during the six months' closing of the reading-room. It is understood that these will not exceed two hundred in number.

It may be taken for granted that Sir Edward Maunde Thompson will see to it that no genuine work of research is hindered while the Rotunda is under repair, and that every facility will be granted to all who are actively engaged in editorial work of any kind. Those who spend their days at Bloomsbury merely because they are the poor victims of "the Museum habit" cannot do better than proceed to King William Street and accept the kindly hospitality of the Guildhall Library. It is devoutly to be hoped that a "cure" will be effected in many cases before the reopening of the Round Room.

Wonder is being expressed as to whether the activity of the autumn publishing season will be diminished by the damming of the main stream at Bloomsbury. The only cheerful writers one meets just now are decadent poets and new theologians, who have no use for a library.

A correspondent writes us:—"Mystery is being made as to the identity of Miss Jane Wardle, whose novel, 'The Artistic Temperament,' has attracted a good deal of attention. We are assured that there is no mystery about the lady's identity at all, and that she is already well known in the world of art. No doubt, we are advised, some of the mystery arises from the fact that, contrary to the usual custom of successful authoresses, she has refused to allow her photograph to be published. We are told that Miss Wardle, although a native of London, resides, or did so until recently, in the Riviera."

Rumour, however, is busily assigning other reasons than modesty for "Miss" Wardle's refusal to allow

Photo The Biograph Studio. **Miss Constance Smedley.**

Whose new book, "The Conflict," is reviewed on page 31 of this number.

"her photograph to be published." Our poet shares the scepticism of Sir Hugh Evans, and we print his lines "without prejudice."

To Jane Wardle, Esq.

It gives me pain, my pretty Jane,
To hear you styled a shuffler,
But all the cry is "Ho, I spy
A peard beneath her muffler."

Is the popularity of the novel on the wane? The question is not merely chimerical. It is a well-established fact that within the last two years there has been a remarkable growth of interest in historical memoirs—not merely of the *chronique scandaleuse* order—and that fiction is finding a powerful rival in biography. The essay, after a long decline, has also been rearing its head. It seems too good to be true—but is it the case, we wonder, that we are at last going to reap the result of the cheap reprint in an improved public taste! Every good bookman will rejoice if it is so. And no good novelist will suffer.

"It is, I think, a fact, that the Englishman, of the men of all nations," writes Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer in a contemporary, "is he who most feeds upon his poets." And yet he rarely seems properly grateful when a critic cuts them up for him.

Cock-a-Doodle-Doo.

Rhymes for "The Times."

[At a recent meeting of the Society of Authors, Mr. George Shaw asserted that he wrote for gain. Against this low view of authorship Mr. Zangwill vehemently protested.]

Who writes for Kerdos?
"I," said the Man,
"I and Superman,
We write for Kerdos."

Who writes for Kudos?
"I," replied Zangwill,
"I and A. Lang will—
We write for Kudos."

Who writes like Shakespeare?
"I," said Thomas Henry Hall Caine,
"While I ride in the train,
(*Puff, puff, puff, puff.*)
I write like Shakespeare."

Who writes for All Time?
"Pshaw," said Corelli,
"Methinks I could tell 'ee,
Who writes for All Time."

Who broke The Bell?
"I," said Cock Hooper,
"With Jackson as super,
I broke The Bell."

Mr. Arthur Symons has been laying it down that "books should be taken in doses no bigger than music or pictures." There is a sort of suggestion about this that publishers ought to label their volumes with some such prescription as "two pages to be read three times a day after meals;" and yet we can't understand why strangers should think that we take our pleasures sadly.

"Lucas Malet" (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison), who has been in London for these last few months, returns soon after Easter to the quietude of her country home at Eversley Common. Mrs. Harrison is not one of the authors who manufacture fiction on the wholesale principle, and it is unlikely that we shall have another book from her for a year or more to come. But she has a new novel in mind, and is hoping to get to work upon it very shortly—a story of English country life that, in point of time, begins about fifty years ago and comes down almost to our own day. So far as it has shaped itself at present, its principal character is a woman; but it is Mrs. Harrison's way to wait and let the people of her books live and develop themselves in her imagination, and by degrees she finds the man of the story is assuming a more prominent position, and may end by leaving the woman in the secondary place.

Mr. Keighley Snowden, whose striking romance, "Kate Bannister," has been amongst the most successful books of this season, has a new novel appearing in May. It is the first of a triology of novels which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing. All three will be stories of Yorkshire life and character, and the first of them, "The Hate of Evil," tells of a parson who wrecks his career in a struggle against a hard and hostile environment, but is upheld and saved from worse loss than that of his career by the strength and greatness of the woman who loves him. Those

who have seen the manuscript consider it to be the most truthful and poignantly dramatic piece of work Mr. Snowden has yet accomplished.

A new "little novel" of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's characteristic sort is appearing in America as a serial in *Putnam's Magazine*. It is called "The Countess of Picpus," and its hero is evidently one of its author's favourite creations. For we have already met Captain Brazenhead in "Fond Adventures" and in "The Canterbury Tales," where he helps to beguile the pilgrim's way with a fine story of Italy.

Messrs. Longman are following the fashion of some other publishers in issuing pocket editions of modern copyright books. This seems more sensible than to send forth Carlyles and Gibbons in this inappropriate form, as is the present fashion. The new series shows a wise choice, for it already includes "A Child's Garden of Verses," a little book that appeals to little people and big; Jefferies' "The Story of my Heart," which many a rambler will carry in his pocket; Mr. J. W. Mackail's selections from the Greek Anthology, the delight of the classical scholar, and in this form meet to be his boon companion; while other attractive volumes are published or promised.

A new departure in literary agencies has just been established at 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., under the name of "The Critical Literary Agency." It proposes to deal only with MSS. which have been pronounced upon by its staff of readers as possessing definite merit of a high order. This change from the more usual method of sending round everything which comes to hand to every publisher or editor whose name appears in the Directory, quite irrespective of merit or appropriateness, should help the "Critical." Mr. O. M. Hueffer, himself a well-known journalist and critic, is the moving spirit in the enterprise.

In the illustration of our special article on Fielding we have had the benefit of information kindly put at our disposal by Mr. Austin Dobson. To the Hon. Gerald Ponsonby we are indebted for permission to reproduce a portrait of Fielding in his possession.

We have also to thank Mr. William Heinemann and Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. for their courtesy in allowing us to reproduce a number of illustrations from their editions of Fielding's works.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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Photo Elliott and Fry. **Sir Oliver Lodge.**

Author of "The Substance of Faith." (See p. 20.)

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"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. A. E. W. MASON.

SOME people seem to imagine that an author, especially a poet or a novelist, must needs devote himself to his art as a monk to his religion; that having realised his vocation he should retire into his study, as the monk does into his monastery, and refrain from descending to take part any more in the practical, commonplace business of the unideal world. He may attend public dinners; he may be president of appropriate societies; he may speak occasionally from select platforms; but if he sits on a borough council, exploits a patent medicine, or becomes a working partner in a manufacturing firm, those too-soulful people shake their heads over him, saying a man cannot serve two masters, and foretell that his art is bound to suffer.

They shook their heads so over Mr. A. E. W. Mason when he was elected Member of Parliament for Coventry, and said he was giving up to party what was meant for mankind; and when he justified his election by a brilliant maiden speech in the House they concluded that, as a novelist, he was a lost soul, and had wilfully thrown in his lot with the mere politicians who are always making a noise in the outer darkness. But, of course, no novelist loses anything by keeping in close touch with the world and doing his share of its hard work; and "Running Water," Mr. Mason's new novel, is an excellent and conclusive refutation of all such pessimistic and old-maidenish arguments.

Photo Elliott and Fry. **Mr. A. E. W. Mason.**

Mr. Mason was born in 1865, and went from Dulwich College to Oxford. He has always been a man of many activities; you might guess from his books that he was no recluse, for they breathe of the open air and catch the stir and colour and joyance of life as it is lived in divers regions of the earth. His recreations are mountaineering, boat-sailing, riding, and travel. In earlier years he went on the stage and was at different times a member of the Benson Company and of the Compton Comedy Company. For the most part he acted in the provinces; but there was a season when he was on the London boards impersonating a soldier in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

His first novel, published in 1895, was not a success. I am assured by one who read it that it was a story of considerable power, but Mr. Mason was not satisfied with it, and resolutely suppressed it when "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" appeared next year, and achieved immediate popularity. Mr. Mason has no tale to tell of numerous rejections and long waiting for recognition; he began by sending a few stories and articles to the magazines, and some were declined and some accepted; then the idea for a novel came to him, and he wrote it. When "Morrice Buckler" was finished he sent it to Messrs. Macmillan, and a month or so later had a note accepting it, and its prompt success deprived him of all chance of going through the conventional hardships of the literary beginner.

In these last eleven years (counting "Parson Kelly," which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Andrew Lang), Mr. Mason has published eleven books, each of which has added appreciably to his reputation; and it says much for them all that it is almost impossible to find any three critics to agree as to which is the best of them. Perhaps the most successful, so far, have been "The Truants" and "The Four Feathers." Ask Mr. Mason for his private opinion, and he will own to a weakness for always regarding his latest book as the best he has done; and in his judgment, as in mine, there are certain dramatic and descriptive passages in "Running Water" that he has never excelled. It is, indeed, so different in kind from Mr. Mason's other stories that it is idle to attempt to draw comparisons between them. Personally, I was uncertain whether to give first place to "Morrice Buckler," to "Miranda of the Balcony" (both of which have, by the way, been dramatised and performed, the one in London, the other in New York), or to "Clementina," until, a little while ago, I read "The Four Feathers," and had no hesitation in ranking it above them all.

Yet here again no true comparison can be made; it is a novel of a different type from its predecessors. The others are dashing and gallant romances of picturesque intrigue and adventure; here, too, you have adventure and heroism, but the story strikes a deeper note, comes nearer to life as we all know it, is more exquisitely

human. I will confess that the reticent, wonderful pathos of some of its scenes brought the tears to my eyes. This is the beginning of the story, as it is repeated by Harry Feversham to Ethne Eustace, just before she breaks off her engagement to him:

"All my life I have been afraid that some day I should play the coward, and from the very first I knew I was destined for the army. I kept my fear to myself. There was no one to whom I could tell it. My mother was dead, and my father—— . . . My father," he resumed, "would, nay, could never have understood. I know him. When danger came his way it found him ready, but he did not foresee. That was my trouble always. I foresaw. Any peril to be encountered, any risk to be run—I foresaw them. I foresaw something else besides. My father would talk in his matter-of-fact way of the hours of waiting before the actual commencement of a battle, after the troops had been paraded. The mere anticipation of this suspense and the strain of those hours was a torture to me. I foresaw the possibility of cowardice. Then, one evening, when my father had his old friends about him on one of his Crimean nights, two dreadful stories were told—one of an officer, the other of a surgeon who had both shirked. I was now confronted with the fact of cowardice. I took those stories up to bed with me. They never left my memory; they became a part of me. I saw myself behaving now as one, now as the other of those two men had behaved, perhaps in the crisis of a battle bringing ruin upon my country, certainly dishonouring my father and all the dead men whose portraits hung ranged in the hall. I tried to get the best of my fears. I hunted, but with the map of the countryside in my mind. I foresaw every hedge, every pit, every treacherous bank." And yet, as Ethne reminds him, he rode straight. In reality he was no coward; his fears were nothing but ghosts of that sensitive, vivid imagination that foresaw the worst of all he might have to face, and once he was facing it, in action, every fear was forgotten.

The study of Harry Feversham's character is a subtle piece of psychology; it is so presented that you cannot doubt the absolute truth of it. His dread of proving a coward is intensified by his shrinking from disgracing Ethne also. Before she suspects this quality in him, she wants him to resign from the army when they marry, and he consents. The day of his wedding has been fixed, three brother-officers have been dining with him, and he is explaining his intentions to them when a telegram comes telling him privately that war with Egypt is imminent, and his regiment is to be ordered out. Lest in face of this news his conduct should be misinterpreted, he says nothing of the contents of the telegram, but sends in his papers without delay Presently, whilst he is with Ethne, a package arrives by post for him; he opens it in her presence, and it contains three white feathers, and the cards of three of his late brother-officers. She wants an explanation, and he does not flinch from telling her the simple truth, and that they must have found out about the telegram. Misunderstanding him, as he has all along misunderstood himself, she is touched with contempt of him, puts an end to their engagement, and, breaking a white feather from her fan, adds it to the others. Humiliated and in despair, he follows the army to Egypt, bent upon finding ways of proving that he is not the coward he seems, and of compelling each of the men who had sent him one to take back his white feather; and it is when, at last, the first of these men has done so and, arriving home, carries the feather to Ethne and tells her why he has taken it back, that the story gets a hold on your emotions that does not slacken to the end.

Mr. Mason has travelled a great deal in Morocco, in Egypt, and the Soudan, and there is something of the fruit of his Egyptian experiences in "The Four Feathers," as in "Running Water" there are impressive and sharply realised reminiscences of his mountaineering in Switzerland. His plot in the latter has some foundation in fact; certain of the characters have their living prototypes, and Sylvia's father, that urbane and most engaging of villains, is modelled more or less on a man who was the chief figure in a sensational criminal case a few years ago, and is now nearing the end of a term of penal servitude.

Mr. Mason is a slow worker, and conforms to no settled method of working. As a rule, he takes a morning walk or ride, writes until lunch time, about half past two; then, his writing finished for the day, he goes down to the House of Commons. He revises untiringly, and often finds it necessary to undo a whole morning's work, and do it two or three times over again before he can let it pass. As to his plans for the future, he has written a comedy, "Marjorie Strode," which Mr. Cyril Maude is shortly producing; and he is revising his new novel, "The Broken Road," which is running serially in the *Cornhill*, and will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder this autumn.

The same charm of manner that you find in his books you find in Mr. Mason himself; he is one of the most modest and entirely unaffected of men, and one of the very few novelists that a reader can meet without disillusionment, for, if he will forgive my being so frank, he is in appearance and personality all that his books might lead one to expect him to be. In a sense, he is still at the beginning of a career, though he has already achieved more than most men accomplish by the time they arrive at the end of one. He is in the front rank of living romancists, and is latterly turning from glamorous, fascinating tales of bygone chivalry to realistic studies in the life of our own day; and I have a presentiment that, so far from in the least degree stultifying his work, Parliament will, in due time, inspire him with the great novel of modern politics that is certainly waiting to be written.

THE READER.

HENRY FIELDING.

By George Saintsbury.

I READ in an American publication not many weeks ago an expression of opinion that the "external" novel is probably done with; nothing but the "internal" novel remains. As, if I remember rightly, even Flaubert was included among the professors of externality, it will be seen that the talk was very high. A little earlier it might have been regarded as part of "the great American joke"; and have been fittingly answered in kind by a suggestion that the novel has got extremely "internal," in some examples—in fact, very nearly "intestinal." But the Americans, like Shakespeare in a famous passage, "can be very serious," and on this particular occasion it is nearly certain that not the ghost of flippancy accompanied the observation.

Of course what the author (who was probably young) meant, was a sort of exaggeration of the protest against anything like romance which we hear so often from *les jeunes*. For him not merely Flaubert but even Zola was much too objective; even Balzac (I do not know about Beyle) was not sufficiently analytical. "Down with deadly *Doing*" (as the old Antinomian hymn is said to have begun or ended) is the motto of this kind of novel-critic. Let there be no happenings; no action; not very much dialogue, especially of a lively kind; in fact, hardly any character in the completely projected form. I suppose there still may be description, for the kind of novelist thus preferred is usually great in "style"; and if you rob the stylist of description, where is he? and where are you? But the main subject is to be "internal"; the novel is to be a sort of case-book, religiously kept by a soul-doctor, with all the disturbances and phenomena generally of the patient set down, not for the sake of drawing up a connected view of the case—that would be exoteric and Philistine—but simply for themselves. Or, to vary the metaphor, it is to be like one of the papers which automatically thrust themselves through recording barometers, and present a zig-zag chart to the interested observer.

This was not the opinion or the practice of Henry Fielding, and the consequence is that the modern espousers of this opinion have left his practice not so much attacked as "masked." They have therein shown their wisdom; a thing the more fortunate in that this excellent and principal quality is perhaps rather to seek in them generally. To Continental critics, indeed, Fielding has been always more or less of a closed book; it is remarkable that even the late M. Brunetière—it is no small sorrow to have to say "late" about one of the greatest of the European company of our times in his art—omitted altogether to draw on him in connection with Balzac, while repeating the stereotyped compliments to Richardson. He has always been "and probably will always be" a Boig to the German inability to *grasp*—to come to close quarters with anything that cannot be dealt with by the process of constituting categories and bringing the subject piece by piece under them. Cervantes, his part-master, and Ariosto, with whom he has not a little in common, ought to have loved him, but I cannot think of any other Southerns who are likely to have been more than politely puzzled by him. Even English critics have been rather curiously minded towards him. Johnson, of course, was "over the way"—retained for Richardson; and I have tried to point out elsewhere that there was probably a special reason which endorsed his retainer. Most of the others in the eighteenth century seem to have been distressed by his "lowness," even when they recognised his power. Scott, a quite admirable critic generally, never seems at his ease, or really at the point of view with Fielding. Thackeray, who is to him what he is to Cervantes, and who would not, except from modesty, have disowned the lineage, has made a kind of myth of him. It is true that he has Gibbon and Coleridge on his side—a quaint but a most significant pair. You may go down into battle or before posterity pretty comfortably when you have either for your supporter; but when you have both it must be an uncommonly formidable adversary who will get the better of you.

Henry Fielding.
From the bust by Miss Margaret Thomas in the Shire Hall, Taunton.

The fact is that Fielding, like other great things and persons, is an example of the Unity of Contradictories. He is perhaps the most essentially English of all great English writers; for Shakespeare is English and more; Milton had no humour, which is the salt of the Englishry; Swift had brewed and dashed his pure English descent with

Lord Lyttleton.
Henry Fielding's Patron.

much keeping of Irish company; and so on. He had qualities which, though not by any means un-English, are seldom found in the common Englishman—an absolute immunity from cant, an extraordinary faculty of looking at all sides of a question, an orderly, systematic, almost mathematical turn for construction, deduction, and logical adjustment. He was also the deadly and unresting foe—the Sir Palomides or Sir Calidore in his time and circumstances—of those two corruptions of the English character, snobbishness and priggery. From all which it comes that the foreigner finds his Englishness the proverbial island on which he cannot effect a landing, and that no inconsiderable number of English readers find themselves uncomfortable with his not so specially English virtues and qualities. He is much too moral for most Frenchmen—shockingly immoral to some Englishmen. To critics of the older generations he seemed to have too little "sensibility," civility, confinement of his subjects to persons of quality and *ton*. For critics of the youngest generation he is too natural and straightforward—not "internal" enough, as has been said above, or rather not loquacious enough about his internalities. For that anyone really acquainted with the profounder depths of human life can think Fielding shallow is an impossibility. He may not choose to give you all the soundings, but he has them made and registered on a far greater scale than Richardson, who is, in fact, shallow enough, though he is always running his little drag-net through his shallows, and turning the contents out on the demonstration table for exhibition. If Fielding is shallow, then Swift is the same. And for the profundity of "A Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver" I do not think it necessary to take up the cudgels. But it is worth while to call attention to another fact—that the notion of Fielding as superficial, as dealing with "toylike structures of humanity," and the like, is only an instance of that enormous gullibility of mankind, which both he and Swift have so greatly, and (to those who can read between lines as well as in them) so terribly, exposed. There never was a writer so absolutely destitute of pretension and all its apparatus—jargon, paradox, real or feigned obscurity, coterie talk, attempts "to raise language to a higher power," and so forth. He is absolutely destitute of even the slightest affectation; for though it is no doubt quite legitimate to question the artistic propriety of his initial asides or *parabases* to the reader, they themselves are not in the least affected. The consequence is that the Partridges of this world—who breed in larger coveys than any other bird, and do not, as the centuries go on, show the slightest sign of being extirpated by the advance of cultivation or the weapons of the satirist—are minded to him just as their great exemplar of his own creation was minded towards Garrick. "*He* the best novelist!" they say; "why, his characters behave just as any man would behave!" Well! well! they say it. A Partridge in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*, indeed, thinks it "insular" to demand "reality."

And the other consequence of it is that to *us*—who, by no merit of our own, but by the grace of the Upper Powers, are not Partridges—the attraction of Fielding is absolutely inexhaustible. He is the true *mimesis*, the unforced, original, perfected representation of Nature as she might at any time be, but never exactly was. It is not necessary, as those who cannot enjoy this sort of thing seem to feel it on their side, to deny power of pleasing to other things. The true critic ought to be able and is able to enjoy very different kinds of novel; in fact, it may be laid down, as without appeal, that any critic of novels who cannot enjoy both Dumas and Balzac is a one-eyed critic, and had much better hold his tongue about what he thinks he does not see. You ought to enjoy Richardson; you ought to be able to enjoy the heroic romances of the seventeenth century; you should not be unable to enjoy the works of certain distinguished writers of the present day in England, America, France, Germany, Italy, Spain—writers whom I could name but shall not. But in all these later cases, even the contemporary ones, the real critic will feel that there is much of the mere *historic* element in the enjoyment. You enjoy as a contemporary; whether by the accident of time or by the operation of your own critical faculty does not matter from one point of view, though it may matter much from another. With writers of Fielding's school—or perhaps I should say of Fielding's class in the school—this is not necessary. Some unfortunate people seem to be "put off" by their *not* being contemporary—the accidents of time, manners, clothing,

From a painting by Downman.

Tom Jones.
At this instant Western, who had stood some time listening, burst into the room.
(Reproduced from the Pickering Edition of Henry Fielding's works, by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

speech seem to prevent them from enjoying. But no one who really liked Fielding, or Scott, or Thackeray, or Prevost in his masterpiece, or Balzac, or Flaubert, or Cervantes, or Swift (I arrange the order purposely in Groves-of-Blarney fashion) ever liked them because of their accidentals. You are at home with them at once; you know where to have them; not one or two touches of universal Nature, but ten thousand make you kin with their folk. There is a dream-like want of ceremony in your intercourse with them; it no more strikes you as strange that they should wear velvet and ruffles when you wear cloth and plain cuffs—that they should carry swords and you an umbrella, that they should say "hath" and you "has"—than it would in a dream itself. These things are so; they were evidently, if it be necessary to think about the matter, ordained to be so from the beginning; they could not be otherwise. You realise once more what the so often told and so often misconstrued story of Balzac and Eugénie Grandet meant. These things are "the real things"; you have "come to them"; they have fortunately lain in your way, and you have as fortunately found them. "Therefore," as the young man said when he loved Matilda and Matilda loved him, "all is well!"

Of course there are, and must be, degrees in the interest which is taken even in these marvellous creatures. Everybody in real life has not the same interest, *bien s'en faut!* And even in respect of that added interest which the creatures of Art have, to their advantage over the creatures of Nature—the interest of watching the art which creates them—there must be differences. Some people, for instance, either from the first feel a distaste for, or are very soon sated with, the great method of Irony; and it is quite clear that the first will positively dislike *Jonathan Wild*, and the last feel inclined to pass it by. There used to be a liqueur prepared in three different strengths by a reverend gentleman who was depicted on the label as a hoary hermit; and one of the strengths was said not to be recommended "except to those who had fortified themselves by long consumption of alcoholic beverages." *Jonathan Wild* perhaps is a tap of this kind, and long practice—or a natural affinity—may be required to make people enjoy its quintessential bitterness. At the other end of the scale, both in time and quality, *Amelia* has been objected to as too sweet and too *fade*. It is perhaps the most questionable of the books, though as is known, Dr. Johnson himself, Fielding's most prejudiced critic, was conquered by it. It contains many admirable things, but one cannot perhaps deny that the utterly broken health of its author and the severity of his official work are reflected in a certain want of grasp and "go." I own that I cannot enjoy it as I enjoy *Jonathan Wild*, and that not because of the difference noted above, but because Fielding does not seem to me to have carried out his own purpose (not my wishes) with the same perfect success as in the earlier, shorter, and more austere book. Yet I believe that if we had nothing but *Amelia*, really good critics would still say, not perhaps "This man was one of the greatest of novelists," but "Surely this man had it in him to be one of the greatest of novelists, and has come little short of it as it is." For the characters are absolutely of the first class; it is only the action which drags and makes default.

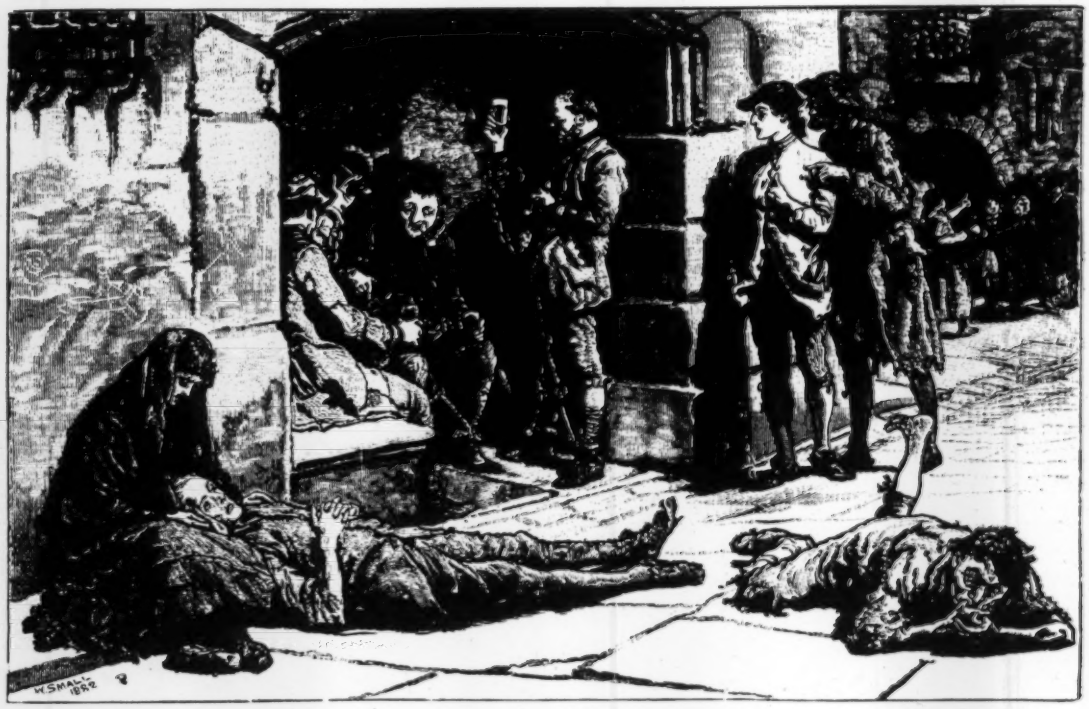
Henry Fielding.
After Hogarth's portrait.

As for the central pair, there shall be no word or thought of allowance here. Whether Parody be in essence an inferior kind is itself a very "academic" question. But the fact is that *Joseph Andrews* rises so far above the parody with which it starts, and to which it returns as a sort of seasoning or by-play now and then, that the discussion of the question is quite superfluous in any estimate of its real merits. The merits or demerits of the framework of *Tom Jones* may supply another academic question, but they also are quite independent of its attractions as a story of incident and as a gallery of character. In both these respects the two are almost incomparable—are certainly unsurpassed. Nowhere—excluding poetry and drama, and keeping to pure prose narrative fiction—is the quality of absolute *vitality* maintained at a higher level, by the combined machinery of the remarks and puppet-show play of the author, and the conversation and behaviour of the personages. It is noteworthy that the possession of the highest skill in *both* these directions, and the faculty of combining it, are the most uncommon endowments of the novelist—that the combination is actually not found in some of the very greatest. Dumas, very great in a certain kind of dialogue, is rather thin in the other respect, and seldom gets both to work; Balzac is dis-

From a drawing by Thomas Rowlandson. **Tom Jones.**

My landlord had no sooner received the young lady in his arms than his feet, which the gout had very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled.

(Reproduced from the Pickering Edition of Henry Fielding's works, by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)



From a drawing by William Small.

"These, Mr. Robinson informed his friend, were three street robbers."

(Reproduced from "Amelia," Vol. III. of the Works of Henry Fielding, by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

tinctly weak in conversation, while he is a giant in other ways. Fielding "works the whole show," and though, seeing that he is a novelist and not a romancer first, you care less for what is going to happen than how it happens and to whom, he carries you through in all respects triumphantly. *Joseph Andrews* is rather a short book, *Tom Jones* a decidedly long one; but this practically makes no difference. A *Joseph Andrews* of the length of *Tom Jones* would not be worse; a *Tom Jones* of the length of *Joseph Andrews* would not be better. They are as they ought to be. The attitude of the fit reader after a chapter or two is Omarian. "*He* knows! he knows! he knows!" Who was the artist who said, "It cannot be better done"? Fielding had too much modesty and too much humour to say anything of the kind seriously, but he almost might have said it.

Last year, in the bitterest blasts of the May-time (with apologies to Mr. Swinburne), the present writer, carrying out a life-long intention, went down from Malvern to inspect "the famous town of Upton-on-Severn." The conditions were not favourable, certainly. In the first place Upton, like many other "famous" old coaching stations, has seen much better days, independently of any weather. It is now rather a village than a town, and its streets show little sign of the liveliness which must have characterised them when they were the almost necessary and quite habitual passes between London and Bath on the one hand, and the marches of Wales, Ireland, and good part of the North on the other. To make things worse, it happened to be one of those ghastly "closing days" which have come in during the last quarter of a century, and which combine all the worst and none of the redeeming features of the Sundays of times yet earlier. "Sabrina," too, was not "fair"; on the contrary, her complexion was distinctly muddy, and to veil it she had spread over herself and the whole valley from Worcester to Cheltenham, a mist which combined, in the same manner, the most searching qualities of a "London particular" and a Scotch "haar." The "inn which presented the fairest appearance towards the street" was apparently presided over by much less unpleasant people than the landlord and landlady of Fielding's time, and did its best to make itself comfortable; but it did not somehow look as if it often saw guests like Miss Western or even Mr. Jones; at any rate there was no sign of them on this occasion. There was no train for two hours; and though it would not have taken more than that time to walk back to Malvern (where the sheep had "shope them in shrouds" of an uncommonly dingy tone owing to the weather) the road was not inviting, and already known for the most part to the traveller. Yet he was not dissatisfied with his visit, though loitering about in Sabrina's breath gave him a cold which lasted for three weeks. It was "a' for our rightful king," for the King of the English Novel—that is to say, for Henry Fielding.

From a drawing by William Small. **"And now our hero and his friend fell a-boxing."**

(Reproduced from "Jonathan Wild," Vol. V. of the Works of Henry Fielding, by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the best six passages from English fiction in praise of tobacco.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the three best quotations in prose or verse (and exclusive of Shakespeare) describing (*a*) Youth, (*b*) Maturity, (*c*) Old Age.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Shakespearean quotation has been gained by Miss ROBINSON, Glengall, Romford.

THE PRINCE'S VALET. By J. BARNETT.
"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
—*Winter's Tale*, IV., II., 26.

Other quotations submitted were:—

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. By EDGAR SHEPHERD.
"Wast ever in Court, Shepherd?"
—*As You Like It*, III., 2.
(B. E. CRUMP, Victoria Terrace, Walsall.)

ENGLISH HUMOURISTS OF TO-DAY. By J. A. HAMMERTON.
"Mercy on us! we split, we split."
—*Tempest*, I., 1, 68.
(A. W. BACK, The Manse, Penistone.)

CONFLICT. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.
"Lady Constance, peace!"
—*King John*, III., 1, 112.
(M. A. PHELPS, Monkstown, Dublin.)

THE HUSBAND HUNTER. By OLIVIA ROY.
"I shall be glad to learn of noble men."
—*Jul. Cæsar*, IV., 3, 54.
(E. F. NEWTOWN, 3, St. John's Terrace, King's Lynn.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NOVELS for the two best quotations to be sent with a birthday gift (*a*) from a man to his promised wife, (*b*) from a girl to her father, has been gained by Mrs. DOROTHY HANDCOCK, 26, Plymouth Road, Penarth, Glam.

(*a*) "In the year that's come and gone, in the golden weather,
Sweet, my sweet, we swore to keep the watch of life together;
In the year that's coming on, rich in joy and sorrow,
We shall light our lamp, and wait life's mysterious morrow."
—W. E. HENLEY, "Echoes," XXV.

(*b*) "'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised and whole;
Second in order of felicity
I hold it to have walked with such a soul."
—WILLIAM WATSON.

Good quotations were also submitted by CECIL LOCKWOOD, Barnsley, and "ANON.," Copse Hill, Scotby, Carlisle.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best answer to the question: What womanly quality is the

favourite one with English poets? has been gained by E. Godfree, Walton-on-Thames.

I.

Mother-love.

"Womanliness means only motherhood:
All love begins and ends there."
—Canto VII., "The Inn Album," R. Browning.

II.

"Years to a mother bring distress,
But do not make her love the less."
—"The Affliction of Margaret," W. Wordsworth.

III.

"Happy he with such a mother—
Faith in womankind beats in his blood."
—"The Princess," A. Tennyson.

IV.

"In the heavens above
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find amid their burning terms of love
None so devotional as that of Mother."
—"To My Mother," Edgar Allan Poe.

V.

"A mother is a mother still—
The holiest thing alive."
—"The Three Graves," Coleridge.

VI.

"Thy nightly visits to my chamber, made
That thou mightst know me safe, and warmly laid—
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall."
—"Lines to My Mother's Picture," W. Cowper.

Excellent lists were received from Miss Edith Wraicht, Everton, Liverpool; Miss Grace Miller, Pantasaph, Holywell; Miss Greaves, Roselea, Reigate; M. C. Jobson, Harrogate; Miss Blanche Wilmot, Ladbroke Grove, W.

IV.—A Year's Subscription to The Bookman for the best suggested competition has been awarded to Mr. A. Miller (who is requested to send his address), and Mr. J. H. Richardson, 36, College Green, Dublin.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

Leisure without books is death, the burial of a man alive.—Seneca.

JOHN DONNE.

FEW English poets have enjoyed a greater contemporary reputation than did Donne. Yet he minted not so much as a single phrase or line that has passed into the currency of our speech. For one who has read his works there are hundreds who know of him as

"A king who ruled as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit."

This was the fine tribute of one of his numerous disciples, and it is not to be regarded as merely the extravagance of elegiac praise. It records without exaggeration the position of intellectual and poetical supremacy accorded to Donne by a numerous and brilliant school of Jacobean singers. His fame in a measure still endures. But it is only an academic, an historical celebrity. The reason for this contemporary renown and perennial, but strictly limited, interest is one and the same. It lies in the fact that Donne was a literary revolutionary. A writer of genius who defies the conventions of his day will never lack an enthusiastic following. Sometimes he will also acquire a text-book immortality. "No one," admits one of his most ardent admirers of to-day, "has injured English writing more than Donne, not even Carlyle." This is a startling verdict that seems to call for qualification and expansion. But it suggests the true reason of Donne's renown. We remember him as the man who headed the revolt against the traditions of Elizabethan verse, and founded "the metaphysical school" of English poetry.

The precise significance of Donne's revolt may be understood if we think of him as presenting "the graceless figure of an individualist before his time." In its decline the Elizabethan lyric had lost all its "first fine careless rapture," and retained nothing of its magical property but a "sweetness" that began to cloy. We might say of it, applying Johnson's phrase, that at last it had not wit enough to keep it sweet. It was against the affectation of the later Spenserians that Donne uttered his dissonant war-cry. Accepted prosody he trampled under foot. He broke with all the poetical conventions of Elizabethan manner and subject. He wrote of his own passions and of his own experience, as he analysed them in the dry light of reason. His tropes and ornaments are borrowed neither from mythology nor from the garden. They are cold and glittering conceits forged by his own subtle intellect.

An Elizabethan by birth, Donne, by reason of his apostasy, we regard as a Jacobean poet. His life affords a curious study in psychology. For in him passion and intellect were strangely commingled, and the ascendance now of the one, now of the other, corresponds with the uneven tenour of his life. A grandson of John Heywood, the prolific writer of "interludes," Donne was born in London in 1573. He entered Oxford at the age of eleven, and after three years proceeded to Cambridge, where he took his degree. Before he was of age he had left the Church of Rome, to which both sides of his family belonged. His earliest literary exercises were Juvenalian satires, a strange literary fashion of which Donne was the pioneer, although his own were not published until forty years later. After serving under Essex in the expedition to Cadiz, Donne settled in London as private secretary to Lord Keeper Egerton, a position which he lost in 1601 by his clandestine marriage with his patron's niece. For seven years he appears to have suffered the extremity of poverty, until his father-in-law relented and granted his wife an allowance. He had already, for his services as a pamphleteer, been offered preferment in the Church if he would consent to take orders, but this Donne refused to do until the King himself desired that so accomplished a controversialist should enter the Church. Accordingly at the age of forty-two Donne was ordained, and was made a royal chaplain and a reader in Lincoln's Inn. His fame as a preacher excelled his reputation as a poet, and when six years later he was made Dean of St. Paul's, his sermons, which lasted exactly for an hour, were considered the greatest literary treat that London could offer. To Izaak Walton we owe the famous description of the orator:

> Preaching the Word so as showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to distil into others: a preacher in earnest: weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none: carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives: here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it beloved even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness.

With the growth of his fame as a preacher there kept pace his reputation for saintliness, and a bishopric would have been the culmination of this strange career had it not unexpectedly closed in 1631. His extraordinary monument, in part designed by himself, survived the Great Fire, and may still be seen in St. Paul's. But his most enduring monument is in Carew's couplet.

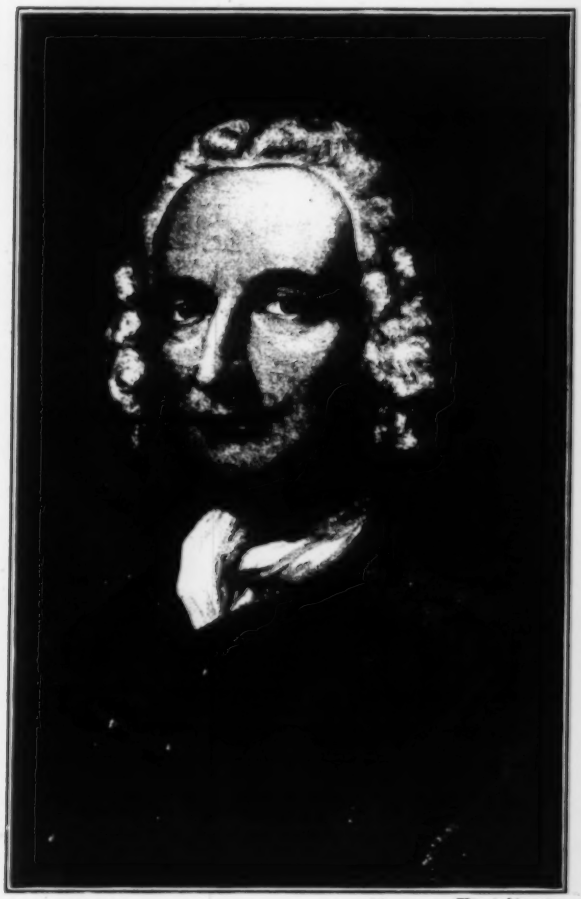
Intellectuality is the prevailing note in Donne's verse, alike in the earlier poems that reflect his sensuality, and in the later, which approve his sanctity. The conceits of the Elizabethans he replaces with others far more alien to the genius of true poety. If strength and agility alone could make a poet, Donne would have few rivals, as in ingenuity of metaphor he has none. The poem entitled "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning" is typical of Donne's style. He

Ralph Allen.
The patron of Henry Fielding, Pope, and Smollett.

From the engraving by Cazenove, after Reynolds.

Henry Fielding.

Henry Fielding.
From a portrait presumed to be Fielding, in the possession of the Hon. Gerald Ponsonby, and here reproduced by his courtesy. Exhibited at the Guelph and Georgian Exhibitions, and at Eton and Oxford.



Henry Fielding.
From a supposed portrait formerly in the Prior Park Collection, the property of Ralph Allen, Fielding's patron, and now in the Royal Mineral Water Hospital, Bath, of which Allen was one of the founders.

rises to far higher flights of passion and displays more wonderful acrobatic feats, but in these verses, as well as in any he wrote, it is possible to see wherein consisted the revolution of his practice.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls, to go,
Whilst some of their friends do say,
Now his breath goes, and some say, No;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'T were profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant,
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Of absence, cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin Compasses are two,
Thy soul the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

Of literary innovators it is generally the case that only the evil they have done lives after them. All that is best in Donne's poems is a reflection of a unique personality; all that his imitators copied was the dissonance which they mistook for strength. His influence in seventeenth century poetry is most in evidence in the eccentricities of the writers of Pindarique odes. But his descendants are still with us. Wherever we find a writer of English verse who confounds obscurity with originality and proclaims his superiority to all the rules of prosody and grammar, we encounter a descendant of Donne.

J. H. LOBBAN.

Texts recommended:—

Donne's Poems. Ed. by E. K. Chambers. Two vols. 1s. each. (Routledge.)

Walton's Life of Donne. 1s. (Routledge.)

New Books.

THE FIRST CHAPTER IN ROMANTICISM.*

We are now coming to the end of the series which Prof. Saintsbury has edited, and which tells us all about European literature from the "Dark Ages" to our own electrically-lighted period. It is a library in little, always well-informed, now and again picturesque, sketchy of course, but founded on large reading. Prof. Vaughan has done his portion well. He covers thirty years, from the death or apotheosis of Voltaire, smothered in roses (1778), to the passing of Schiller in 1805. That was the hour when, as critics perceive, the mysterious and debatable thing called Romanticism started up out of its grave, and challenged the pseudo-classic forces to deadly combat. In Hugo's phrase we might consider the epoch as dawn or twilight; "les rayons et les ombres" were most curiously mingled. Shadows of what had once been a Renaissance lingered on the horizon; lights from a new-old world, medieval-Catholic, Teuton and Norse, from legendary Ossian, Faust, Odin, and the Indian gods, were travelling up the sky. And the graceful, transparent, shallow, hard-hearted, sentimental eighteenth century was dying. Our Professor stands at its bedside, watch in hand, counting its pulse.

He is very calm, astonishingly so for a Welsh temper, and more than I could praise; but it is the way of these books. They have to struggle against their fate as catalogues. If they would only kick out more vigorously when the chain galls a bit! Epigram should never frighten a compendiator. Epithets do their stroke where paragraphs trail into the obscure. It seems odd to me that in a volume dealing with Romance, the pages on Kant and Fichte hold my attention better than those which sum up Scott and Burns. Least adequate to my feeling is the treatment bestowed on Richter who, though he may be dead, yet speaks in many an immortal *bravura*, musical and instinct with prophetic thought. When Prof. Vaughan comes to the Schlegels, to Tieck, Novalis, and other champions of the reaction towards medieval poetry, his voice hardens and I catch the accent of Dr. George Brandes. Well, one may be permitted to observe that Dr. Brandes, by birth a Danish Jew, is by conviction not precisely a Christian. The Romantic Movement, despite certain ugly features and its "irony," which lends itself to caricature, did in the long run clear a way for Carlyle, Ruskin, Newman, and the Catholic Church. It restored Dante to moderns; it enlarged, as the Professor grants, the resources of history from language, folk-lore, national customs, the songs and sagas which are our genuine epic poems. If Goethe, whose old age reminds one of a literary Louis Quatorze (not without his wig), called Romanticism a disease, we may answer that some have called him the "great Pagan." After all, literature has a bearing on life. And the question of ideals, heathen or Christian, is not to be evaded; it is our actual crisis and question of the day.

Prof. Vaughan accepts the doctrine of Kant as regards art and letters, which is directly opposed to Tolstoy's "morality the lord of genius." But, in effect, he pleads for all that is wholesome, and he charges on the debasing Realist his cousinship with an illustrated Police News. I am delighted also to find that he takes back the idea of Romantic philosophy—the principles which its votaries obeyed, whether knowing it or otherwise—to their belief in creative Reason. They would not grant that the spirit of man was a flat Lockian canvas to be daubed upon by facts from outside; to them it was a light, a power, Divine or diabolic, but anyhow alive, capable of seizing the world and shaping it into characteristic forms. You are generous enough, Sir Professor, to adorn Kant with so splendid a discovery. Allow me to tell others that its lucid prose version may be read in St. Thomas Aquinas; while its poetry and practice fill the hundred cantos of Dante. These are my "Romanticists." They have a grander sweep than the transplanted Scotsman at Königsberg.

"Authors whose work, as a whole, is so little known in this country, as that of Lessing and Herder, Kant, Schiller, and Goethe," says Prof Vaughan. Why, yes, I agree in thinking that the Germans of the great period were more directly operative on English minds a generation since than they are now. Partly we have absorbed their ideas into our common stock; but also, and still more, we have perhaps been led to query how much they would serve when we desired to create, and not merely to criticise. In themselves the German philosophers had too little that was positive; they fell back on Hellenism or Heaven knows what—the Oriental, exotic, mythological of every colour—to fill the void which Hume had insisted on their gazing into when it opened under Locke's common-sense. We may remark, in conclusion, that Christianity realises a world where Romantics dream of one; to my mind such is the moral of this wondrous uprising from the dead.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "The Romantic Revolt." By Charles E. Vaughan, Professor of English Literature in Leeds University. 5s. net. (Blackwood and Sons.)

Photo Marie Lion. **Squire Allworthy discovers the Foundling.** —*Tom Jones.*

From a hitherto unpublished painting by J. Massey Wright.

Photo Marie Lion. **Sophia and the Squire.** —*Tom Jones.*

From a hitherto unpublished painting by J. Massey Wright.

Miss Pritchard. Mrs. Pritchard. Barry. Fielding. Quin. Lavinia Fenton.

After the picture by William Hogarth, in the possession of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.

The Green Room at Drury Lane.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

THE SECRETS OF THE SOUL.*

Probably from the first dawn of reflection upon himself man has been puzzled to determine which are the more real, the visible objects of his experience, or the vivid images of his thought. Sooner or later the question has to be faced; on emergence from childhood, if at no other time. Most men answer it one way, deciding with the Sadducean Preacher, "Better is the sight of the eyes than the wandering of desire." The rest are the Mystics.

A Mystic is not to be defined as one who sees truths invisible to the general. He may see false. His spiritual vision may be as blurred as the optical vision of the most myopic and astigmatic of men. "Of course you could not play billiards," said an oculist to a tardy patient, "because you have never yet seen any but an elliptical billiard ball." The Mystic's vision of rounded perfection may be as distorted. He is not distinguished by his clearer perception, but by the attention which he pays to certain objects. All men see those objects in a measure, but most men keep their attention elsewhere.

Such is the mysticism of Ruysbroeck, of St. Theresa, of Jacob Boehme. Such also, with a difference, was the mysticism of the Illuminati, of Pasqually, of St. Martin, of Cagliostro, if he were more than a quack, and of the whole race of adepts. And what is the difference? It is the difference caused by the inclination to formula which besets all men but the greatest. The things unspeakable which St. Paul saw in ecstasy, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have they entered into the heart of man—these things must be expressed by symbol, if not by word. That is required by the constitution of human nature; but the pure Mystic is he who rises above the symbol. What then has he to do with fraternities and initiations, with the Courts of the Temple or with the Rosy Cross?

Mr. Waite's studies in Mysticism have led him into these bypaths. His pages will interest the most unmystical of men, since he ministers to the curiosity with which they watch the veiled doings of all who darkly profess acquaintance with the secrets of the soul. Yet he knows what is the real thing. He knows that Jacob Boehme was a member of no fraternity, but looked out of his own opened window, lonely, upon the things that he must see for himself or not at all. He knows the limitations set to the very clearest vision, the possible delusions, the obtruding trivialities. "There are amazing fatuities," he says, "in Ruysbroeck, though he had sailed over trackless seas, and St. John of the Cross on Carmel seems occasionally like the ingenious gentleman of La Mancha rather than Galahad at the Graal Castle." That being so, how should not the fatuities and the delusions master associated players at mysticism? Mystics these may be called, by virtue of the direction of their attention; Mystics they are in comparison with men who will look at nothing beyond a nerve ganglion or a ledger; witnesses they are to things generally forgotten, so that even Cagliostro may help to unseal the eyes of a society hoodwinked by Encyclopædists; but who shall look for enlightenment to those who make of the blunders of the wise the formulas of fools?

For enlightenment, no; but for human documents one may dig with profit in Mr. Waite's crowded pages. Some will be repelled by his habit of a cryptic style; but there is stuff to be found behind the haze. Every attempt to organise an occult mysticism is a part of the ineradicable bent of human nature towards religion. Other phases of the movement are exoteric; and foremost among these—to say no more—is Christianity. Christianity is an attempt to formulate through symbols, alike for the mystical and the unmystical, certain things which Mystics have seen. But being intended for all men, and being embraced by men of every kind, it is inevitably mixed with much that is of the earth, earthy; there is a continual tendency, against which the Christian Mystics of all ages have done battle, to take the symbol for the reality. Mystics of another sort have abandoned the battle, surrendering these symbols, as they think, to misuse, and seeking new symbols which shall be reserved from the contaminating touch of the profane. Hence their esoteric formation; hence also their war against the Christian Church. It has been so from the time of the Montanists, of Tertullian and his scorn for psychic Christians.

Mr. Waite would not quarrel with Christianity; not even with historic Christianity. His conclusion of the whole matter is that "the mystic life leads no one from the life of the Church"; and he understands by the mystic life a life of membership in secret mystic fraternities. But Christianity is terribly jealous; it brooks no rival; it claims to be the only genuine organised mystery. Its universality has robbed it in great measure of the trappings of mysticism; but one may remember that in the Church also there was once a *disciplina arcani*, and orderly progress through degrees of initiation is the note of the Mystagogic Catechism of Cyril of Jerusalem. Little remains but the broad idea of initiation, and there is a mysticism which scorns even that; men who walk alone in secret places—and they are the true Mystics—love the Christian Church none the less because the gates are open day and night, and they bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. These men do not make their home in the coteries of the Rosy Cross.

T. A. Lacey.

* "Studies in Mysticism, and certain aspects of the Secret Tradition." By Arthur Edward Waite. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

THE HISTORY OF SEVEN REIGNS.

1377—1547.*

We have already spoken words of high praise of Longman's "Political History of England" as projected in twelve large octavo volumes of five hundred pages each. The volumes out now present an "unbroken drama" of English politics from the earliest times down to the death of Henry VIII.; and the phalanx of five is followed by two sporadic volumes which guide us from 1760 to 1837. Before the end of next year we may probably count on this elaborate and upon the whole extremely successful attempt to supplant the old narrative histories of Hume, Mackintosh, Lingard, and Knight being completed. The series, for all its inequalities, is likely to form a fairly even and solid ridge when viewed from a distance; and it may very well constitute a landmark in historiography—as a summary of what was believed and known over a definite area at the close of the transition era between picturesque and scientific history. The evolution of historical statistics and of special studies undertaken in a spirit of scientific detachment from moral, personal and political prepossessions and other such irrelevancies will probably transform the subject prodigiously in the course of a generation or two. The Political History will by then no doubt be regarded as a pathetic curiosity—invaluable, however, as a registry of what men and women actually believed about their own becoming in the "Wonderful Century" (self-called). In the meantime we repeat that both the appearance and utility of the book would be considerably increased by rubrics, here and there, at the side of the text. The indexes, too, should have been harmonised and produced upon one uniform plan, each entry being properly described. In the two volumes before us, IV. and V., the indexes seem to have been compiled upon wholly divergent principles, while they resemble each other only in this, that they are alike extremely defective. For a book of learning issued under such distinguished auspices as the present, this is surely rather a singular entry to find in the Index (Vol. V., page 515), "Science, 140, 142, 153." These and similar small defects in a valuable series have been pointed out in some abundance. Most of them are of the kind that could easily be remedied. At a future date we should very much like to see the work issued in paper-covered livraisons, say three or four to a volume at about half a crown apiece, with additional maps and plans, and, possibly, a few historical portraits. The paper livraisons of Lavisse's "Histoire de France" are a boon to students of special subjects, and must have greatly promoted the prosperity of that admirable book.

For the Lancaster and York volume the editors selected a brilliant writer in Mr. Oman, who has quite recently issued his special study of the "Great Revolt of 1381," and whose little book on "Warwick," the king maker, has for many readers considerably lightened the gloom of the fifteenth century, besides furnishing a standing example of the supreme value of rapidity in attack in the sphere of

* "The Political History of England." 1377-1485. By C. Oman. 1485-1547. By H. A. L. Fisher. (Vols. IV. and V.) 7s. 6d. net each vol. (Longmans.) "Richard III.: His Life and Character." By Sir Clements R. Markham. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

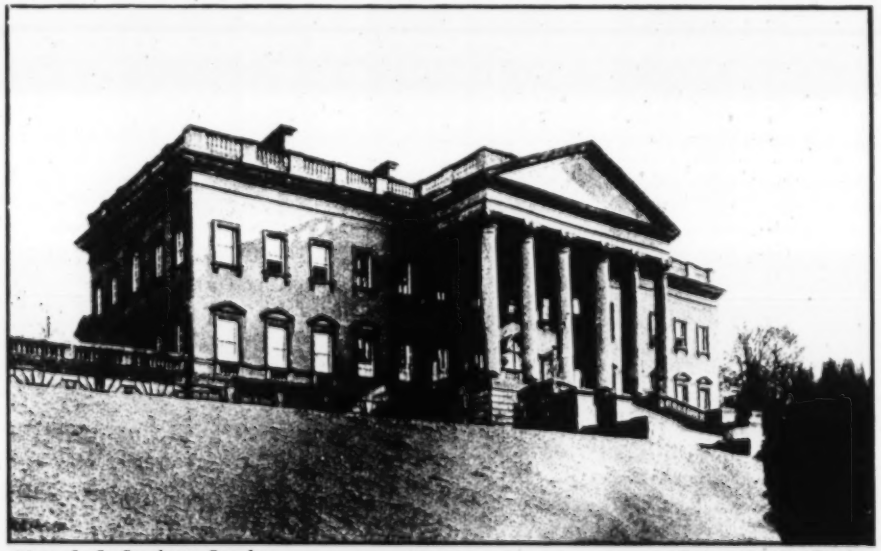


Photo C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

Prior Park, Bath.

The residence of Ralph Allen, Fielding's patron, who was the prototype of "Squire Allworthy," in "Tom Jones."

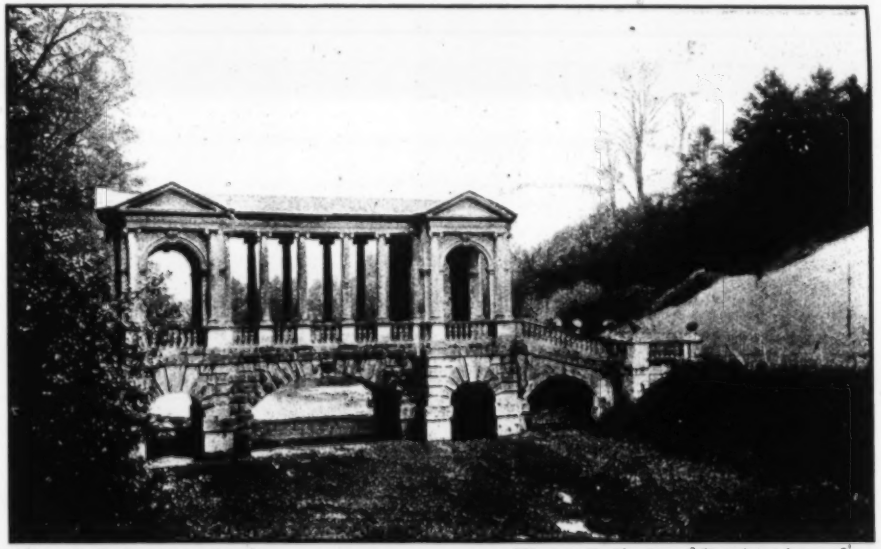


Photo C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

The "Palladian Bridge," in the Grounds of Prior Park, Bath.

Photo C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

The House in Bath where Sarah Fielding lived and where Henry Fielding stayed with her.

Photo C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

The House at Tiverton, Bath,

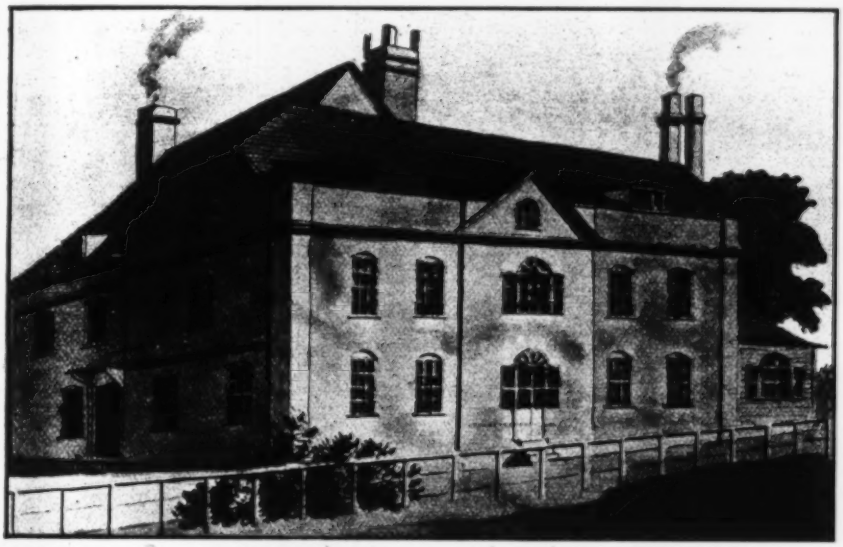
Where Henry Fielding lived, and where part of "Tom Jones" is said to have been written.

historical biography. But rapidity is far less suited to a work of this kind, and Mr. Oman's impetuous haste and over-confident reliance upon his intuition and his memory seem to have led him into a miniature jungle of small, unnecessary, but irritating errors. To magnify these at the expense of Mr. Oman's rightful claims as a delineator of rapid movement, such as characterised the dynastic struggle from 1450 to 1471, has proved irresistible to most of his reviewers. It is only fair to point out that historical accuracy is at present at any rate almost entirely a relative term. The period under consideration is simply crammed with detail, often of the most kaleidoscopic kind, and in his desire to be enlivening Mr. Oman is perhaps too lavish of detail below proof. Test him carefully by articles in the "Dictionary of National Biography," by such specialists as Professor Tait or Mr. Kingsford, and the little specks of error will soon multiply. But do they in the aggregate amount to very much? We rather doubt it. As a military annalist of course Mr. Oman is at his best—we do not know anyone who can describe a battle so vividly—unless it be Mr. Fortescue, the historian *en titre* of the British Army. The faculty is a convenient one to a chronicler of these wars, and it is not surprising that the gift should sometimes lure its possessor into the apparent contempt for the study of causation in history and the over-emphasis of minute detail which is rather characteristic of this work. From the accession of Henry VI. down to the accession of Henry VII. it seems impossible to deduce any principles from the confused tangle of biography, geography, and military hazard here presented to us. And Mr. Oman strangely neglects the opportunity of telling us more about the permanent changes which were coming over the mind and habits of fifteenth-century man. After a vivid excursion into the economic crisis of 1381, he tells us practically nothing about the municipal or military changes of the period, the discovery of printing and of ordnance, the important developments in architecture, the first stirrings of the Renaissance spirit in England, or the encroachments of the Council; and we shall look in vain in the index for "Paston" or "Chaucer." The point of view, we venture to think, is rather too narrowly political. The point of a judge being sent off to Calais to take the dying deposition of Gloucester some weeks after he had been informed of Gloucester's death is obscured; so is the importance of Sawtrey's execution; the motives of Thomas of Woodstock are not at all clearly expressed; the statement that the voices abandoned Joan of Arc after the coronation at Rheims is, surely, inaccurate. It is tantalising to be told that "there is a whole literature on Jeanne Darc, which need not here be discussed." And why the barbarous solecism of Jeanne Darc, instead of Joan of Arc or Jeanne d'Arc? There is only a step from "Jeanne Darc" to that lowest abyss of pedantic puerility, the "Mort Darthur." Inaccuracies and oversights notwithstanding, the volume remains one of the most interesting and readable in the series. The limitation prescribed, of "political" history, prevents any one volume from attaining the readability and variety of a less disciplined book, such as Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's "England Under the Stuarts," for instance. The characters of Henry V., Edward IV., and John of Gaunt, however, are here sketched with judgment and skill; the milksop in Henry VI. is perhaps overstated, but the dramatic movement and stir of the period is finely sustained, the battle scenes are vividly portrayed, and the importance of the various campaigns is justly and powerfully emphasised.

Mr. Oman is essentially an historian of incident. As in one of Stanley Weyman's novels every page must reveal a new "excitement." But after Bosworth the pace is very sensibly altered. We are in the hands of a stylist; meditation and reflection come in as a novel substitute for breathless movement; we are able to unfix our gaze from the block and the battlefield, and to take a quiet look round. Mr. Fisher has a high opinion of Henry VII. as one who, if not entirely free from the nervous and treacherous characteristics of the violent yet sterile age of civil strife, accomplished the most pressing work that fell to his hand; settled and administered England, and grappled Ireland just in time to save the English interest there. "It was as if a boat were drifting away from the big ship at night when a rope is thrown, and the two are grappled together, and so pursue their midnight course with the surging waves and blinding spray between them." Michelet described the king in the late fifteenth century as the Saviour of Society. The Bishop of Worcester, preaching to Parliament, described Henry as a second Joshua sent by a propitious god to insure a golden age. This supplies the right keynote for the period. The people worshipped the Tudors, just as fifteen hundred years before the people of Western Europe adored the city of Rome as a divinity, and for a similar reason. After half a century of almost intolerable civil strife and uncertainty the benefits conferred by Imperial Rome could be summed in two words, *pax Romana*. So the Tudor dynasty came to stand in England for over a hundred years to mean good governance and plenty of it. Henry's title was not argued, it was assumed. Similarly his son's despotism was not contested; it was better than a disputed succession. At the same time we are carefully shown how some of the old roots of order were preserved. "The survival of parliamentary government in England in an age which witnessed the eclipse of representative institutions throughout Western Europe is in itself a fact of great significance." Parliament's most precarious days were not under Charles I., but under Henry VII. The peril is vividly depicted here. It was "a government of harpies and spies." But, on the other hand, the ever-present danger of sedition amid the dregs of the old feuds is sketched with a masterly hand. The characterisation of Henry VIII. is, perhaps, the best thing that this series has yet produced. The overwhelming importance of the personal equation, the extraordinary versatility, charm, forensic skill and diplomatic astuteness of this extraordinary product of Renaissance and Nationality have never been so accurately or so finely assessed. In the main Mr. Fisher follows the estimate of Professor A. F. Pollard; but he brings out the psychological puzzles suggested by Henry's political and domestic conscience with a subtler mixture of irony and perception than has ever yet been attempted. He shows how Henry rivalled Cromwell himself in the management of Parliaments, and how miraculously he grasped the nettle of the Pilgrimage of Grace—subduing his indignation just sufficiently to circumvent the peril, until his eyes were opened to the unwisdom of any such confession of weakness as a free pardon, a confession which "extreme necessity might justify, but which the workings of a punctilious conscience might be trusted to repair." Nothing could be better than the description of this rising, of the gradual deterioration of Henry's character, or of the conjunction of forces which made him to the end of his life the conservative and balancing influence, the symbol of national pride and national aspirations, at whose death a few nobles felt relief, but the nation at large nothing but uneasiness. The phases of the divorce question—to call it by a name which both Henry and the Pope alike would have repudiated—are hardly developed in sufficient detail to render them quite as dramatic as they appear in Froude's "Catherine of Aragon," for example. A few pages retrenched from the diplomacy of Henry VII. or the "Historia" of Polydore Vergil might have been very profitably expended here. We are a little doubtful as to the accuracy of one detail, at least, in regard to Henry VII.'s legislation in regard to Benefit of Clergy on page 211, and again as to the compulsion exercised by curates over the sale of goods on p. 293. But there is little to be said on this score. The chapter "On Authorities" is worthy to rank with that of Professor Tout, in Volume III., as an indispensable document for the sources of this period, and the volume as a whole takes a foremost rank in the work of collaboration, the general credit of which it can hardly fail to enhance.

After reading five or six hundred pages of this history of the new school consecutively, a book like the "Life of Richard III.," by Sir Clements Markham, creates a rather singular impression. It is going back into the pre-Macaulay days to pick up an historical paradox, in the manner of Byron's famous Historiographer—the good Squire of Bradenham. In those, the palmy days of unsophisticated narrative, they always began with this kind of circumstantial flourish:—

"The castle of Fotheringay was the birthplace of our last Plantagenet king. This venerable pile stood on the banks of the river Nen, in Northamptonshire, amidst 'marvellous fair corn ground and pasture.' From its battlements there was an extensive view, bounded to the westward by the forest of Rockingham, while on the other side the abbey church of Peterborough and the woods of Milton intercepted the distant expanse of fen country."

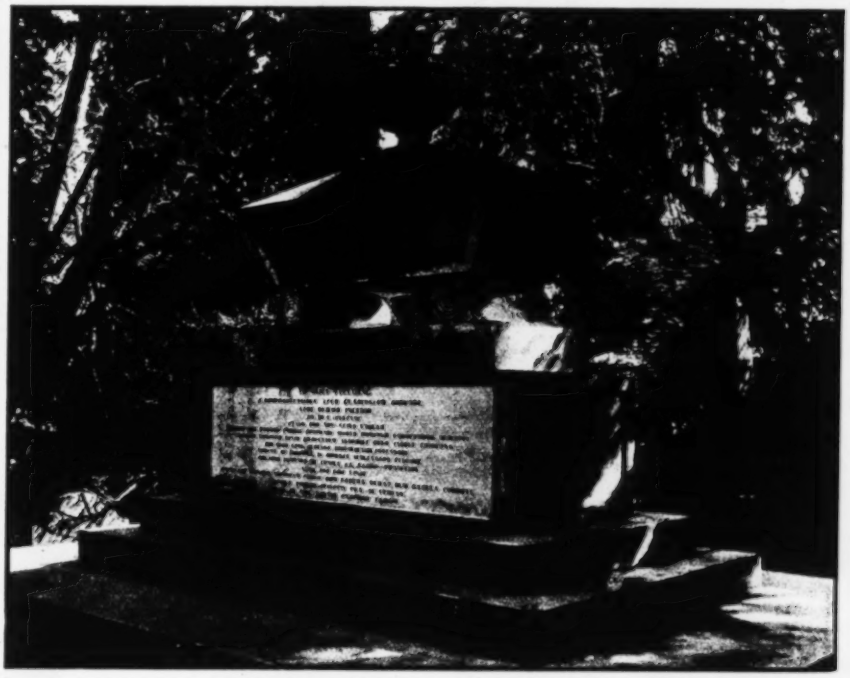


Ford Hook, Ealing.

The last residence of Henry Fielding, and where he wrote a portion of "Tom Jones" and "Amelia."

From a water-colour in the Guildhall Library.

Sharpham Park. Birthplace of Henry Fielding.



Henry Fielding's Grave in the English Cemetery at Lisbon.

A very few pages later, and then after a most elaborate description of the *enceinte* and fortifications of Sandal, we have the following:—

"Sandal Castle was built on a natural hill of sandstone, and in those days it must have presented an imposing appearance from Wakefield Bridge, with its lofty towers rising over the trees. There were extensive views in every direction from the castle walls. Northward is Wakefield and the rich valley of the Calder. To the west were the woods stretching away until the view is bounded by Woolley Edge. The woods and lake of Chevet are to the south, and a wide extent of country was visible to the east, with Nostell Priory and Walton Manor hidden among the trees."

As a geographer Sir Clements Markham is immaculate. He tells us much that would interest Lord Avebury about the landscape of our country. He tracks the roads and traces the rivers, and seldom mentions a bridge without telling us if it be made of wood or stone, and how many arches there are in it. He has done a capital book on "The Fighting Veres"; but we are sorry he ventured upon this barren and pointless defence of Richard III. After all this agreeable topography it comes rather as a shock when we find him all of a sudden getting very angry, describing Henry VII. as the venomous supplanter, usurper and destroyer of the constitution (as if anyone cared a fig about the constitution then), while Richard, like Douglas, is "tender and true," and "his open and generous nature prevented him from harbouring a suspicion of the foul treachery of the Stanleys until it was too late"! The whole book, which does not lack good points, is constructed upon an absolute confusion of historical and moral values. To be a good king in those days it was necessary to be unscrupulous. The test was success. Richard may well have been a better man than Edward IV. or Henry VII. Nothing could well be much easier—in a sense. But the way Richard huddled the denouement shows a deplorable lack of artistic sense. It is not enough that he should not have smothered the innocents with his own hands. He ought to have kept them alive at all hazards. That he was vilified by Tudor chroniclers is a matter of course. It was not necessary to write a book to demonstrate this. For the scientific historian the accumulation of evidence to prove that Richard was not provided with claws and cloven feet is superfluous. For the moral purpose of history the blacker his terrible failure is painted the better.

Thomas Seccombe.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.*

Natural Theology is a genuine science. It has been overshadowed by other forms of theology, but it remains in its own kind with its special character. It is the analysis of the common religious experiences of mankind. There is a theology which takes account only of Christian experience, and so becomes at once narrower and more intense; there is a theology which deals chiefly or solely with those Christian experiences which have been crystallised into fixed ideas, and is thus dogmatic. Natural theology is distinct from these, though it has contributed much to them, and unconsciously gathers much from them. Those to whom Christian ideas have become a second nature cannot lay them aside when they would study natural religion, and a mind into the tissue of which some Christian dogmas have been worked will remain subject to their influence even when attempting the most individual essay of faith.

Natural theology then exists; but it will not be found in a purely abstract condition until a professor appear who has no tincture of any particular religion. Sir Oliver Lodge has attempted a brief treatise of this theology; he expounds a theism as pure as he can compass. Given the conception of a Power that transcends the Universe, and there is theism. The conception may be vague; it may be no more precise than Matthew Arnold's recognition of a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness; but with serious thought on this subject theology at once begins. Pantheism, properly understood, can have no theology; it is as purely monistic as any mechanical theory of the universe, and its only science will be physical. Theism may be frankly dualistic, or it may attempt a synthesis in which the universe shall appear as the expression of the Power that transcends the universe. The science of this latter theism is the theology of Immanence.

* "The Substance of Faith Allied with Science: A Catechism for Parents and Teachers." By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., Principal of the University of Birmingham. 2s. net. (Methuen.)

It is this theology that Sir Oliver Lodge expounds. He does not begin with God; he starts from man and the human conscience, from the utmost that we yet know of our bodily structure and the utmost that we can ourselves discern of our spiritual capacities. Hence he proceeds to the recognition of an Intelligence immanent in all the activity of nature; and thence again to the acknowledgment of a Good and Loving Power, infinite and eternal, conceived in terms of Fatherhood. It will not escape notice that he advances from time to time *per saltum;* he makes no secret of it, and this bold venturing is what he means by Faith; but he maintains that every such flight is taken from a sure standing ground of scientific assurance. He is here at his weakest. Anxious to build upon physics and biology, and so to make at least a start in company with some to whom religion is a by-word, he forgets that his proper function is to analyse religious experience, and that religious experience, for all its elusiveness, is just as real as experimental anatomy. His examination of the spiritual realities of evil and sin, brilliant in itself and brilliantly illustrated by comparison with the physical phenomena of coldness, is not made more satisfactory by being based on the facts and hypotheses of evolution. Evil he takes to be the retardation of natural development, and sin is "the deliberate and wilful act of a free agent who sees the better and chooses the worse," thus hindering the healthy growth alike of the individual and of the species. This involves a large assumption. What is healthy and what is natural? It is certain that many acts recognised as morally good are precisely not such as make for the physical good of the individual or the perpetuation of the race. The assumption is made: it is of the essence of religious faith to make it. The object of development is enlarged; that is the religious and ethical treatment; it does not gain much, it is perhaps rather confused, by too close contact with physical theory. For the evolutionary biologist evil and sin have no meaning; their importance for the theologian shows that he is moving in a different plane. Attempted unions of physiology and theology are as misleading as Ruskin's confusion of ethic and æsthetic.

There is a further weakness, in that Sir Oliver Lodge has not quite made up his mind to a general theism. He could not break free from all Christian ideas, which are part of his own experience; but he might have proceeded further in abstraction than he has done. In one place he is constrained to admit that his theology has not much to do with the great religions of the Far East. But that is to admit that he has neglected a large part of the religious experience of mankind; his theism is so far sectional, and his theology incomplete. Nor, on the other hand, is it Christian. He introduces many Christian features, but he neglects a large part of the common Christian experience. Needless to say, it is not, in the received sense, dogmatic. Where then does it stand? He seems himself to offer his theism with its Christian accretions as a substitute for the Christian religion, and his sophisticated natural theology as a substitute for Christian theology. He thinks it less likely to get at loggerheads with natural science, less entangled with antiquated ideas. That may be. But Talleyrand's quip on Larevellière-Lepeaux and his Theophilanthropy may still serve to illustrate the difficulty of starting a new religion. Sir Oliver Lodge's little catechism will be found stimulating and helpful by Christian theologians; it may help them to clarify some of their ideas; it will hardly replace the fruits of their all too copious labours.

A RUINED TITAN.*

Few of the Greeks present greater difficulties to the translator than the soldier-poet who fought at Marathon. Sophocles uses simple language in a subtle way, an effect not entirely reproduced in Sir Richard Jebb's or any version. Euripides, in whose case Mr. Way has won credit, is of another order of mind. Æschylus aims at a grandeur of language which may sometimes become bombastic, but often is eminently sublime. The translator of the Prometheus has the further difficulty that he treads in the steps of Milton, whose Satan drew some of his characteristics from the rebellious god who pays his penalty amid the Scythian crags. All allowance

* "Æschylus in English Verse." Part II. Prometheus Bound and the Suppliant Maidens. By Arthur S. Way. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

made for these obstacles, it must yet be said that Mr. Way's version is disappointing. He is so prolific a translator that it may be he has been too industrious. To the resulting weariness we ought possibly to ascribe the faults of his last venture. Frequent and pointless inversions disconcert the reader. Strange compounds give an effect very different from their originals. The lines are hard to divide and hard to scan, or can be scanned only by putting a stress in the wrong place. It would almost seem as if Mr. Way thought he could treat his metres as Shakespeare treated his in "The Winter's Tale," but it needs a master's hand for such a touch, and even to Shakespeare the touch came only in his later years. Mr. E. R. Bevan, whose version appeared some five years since, aimed, not without success, at a style in which the language of the Elizabethan dramatists was purged by the simplicity of the Bible and elaborated in the more sonorous passages by the cadences of Milton. There are times when Mr. Way rises to this height.

"Those star-encountering peaks
Scale thou, and journey ever to the south,
Where thou shalt reach the man-abhorring host
Of Amazons, who shall hereafter dwell
In Themiskyra by Thermodon's stream,
Where that fanged jaw of Salmydessian sea,
Stepdame to ships, greets mariners with hate."

As it happens, Mr. Bevan's version is here less successful, and is defaced by a false quantity in the word which in Mr. Way's line would have sounded better if it had appeared, as Milton would have written and pronounced it, in the form of Themiscyra. It may be thought that the compound "star-encountering" is justified by Shakespeare's "heaven-kissing," but the atmospheres of the two words differ. Such compounds as "Allfather," "Earth-Mother," perhaps even "heaven-abider," and most certainly the painful word "myriad-childed," show an attempt to galvanise our tongue into a form of speech which it has long since lost. Mr. Way can resolve his compounds when it suits him, writing "swift of wing" and "with spangled vesture." Many of his compounds too, such as "tempest-haunted" and "flesh-eating," are right enough. He is not so saturated with poetic style as to catch the difference between the right and the wrong. If he were, he would hardly use "darkling" as an adjective.

Johnson once encountered a poetaster, who had no notion of a verse but that it contained ten syllables.

"Lay your knife and your fork across your plate."

The line is right enough with inverted stress in the two first feet, but this was not meant, nor would Johnson's age have tolerated it. Mr. Way has several such lines, not incorrect, but not very successful.

"Never dream thou that I will, overawed."

But such a line as

"And on such charges doth Zeus outrage thee?"

would never cause a prose writer to be suspected of unintentional metre. Forced into such a place of stress, the auxiliary verb would get its habeas corpus from any court in Christendom.

"Why hatest thou not the God's dearest foe?"

The line can be saved from a broken back only by conceding to the pronoun a stress warranted neither by the Greek nor by the sense. Mr. Way, like one of George Eliot's women, lays much emphasis on his pronouns.

"But for your question—for what crime alleged
Me he doth outrage, this will I unfold."

The inversion and the false stress combine to make a positive mistranslation of the passage. Here Mr. Bevan is right enough.

"But for your question, with what cause alleged
He so mishandles me, learn now the truth."

By another distressing mannerism Mr. Way, when he writes a monosyllabic substantive after a monosyllabic epithet, treats them as one word and puts the stress on the adjective.

"Ha! have they bright fire, beings of a day?"

Children may be heard singing

"There is a greenhill far away,"

but hymn-writers are not often poets, and poets know that the two words are not one. Those who study the exceptions know their reason.

These pinpricks mar the pleasure with which Mr. Way's version might else be read and obscure its better points. At least we have the substance of the great tragedy. The worst that can be said is that Mr. Way has done to Æschylus what care and remorse and passion did to Satan.

"His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined."

"The Suppliants" is a play of another order, and with it Mr. Way is more successful. Some of his lyrics have the fire and energy of an original poet.

"Shriek, Sister! The voice of thy crying, O send
Through the high heavens ringing,
Till the Gods to the chant of our litany bend
Deliverance-bringing.
Let thy suppliants, O Father, find grace in thy sight,
Let thine eyes all-beholding
Flash vengeance on these who would outrage the Right,
O Zeus of the all-controlling might,
Of the grasp earth-enfolding."

Some of the compounds might be wished away and Wordsworth's "high heaven" scans otherwise than Mr. Way's, but the lines please.

JOHN SARGEAUNT.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE.*

Mr. Galsworthy's chief characters are a Cambridgeshire squire and his wife, Horace and Margery Pendyce, their eldest son George, the lovely Mrs. Helen Bellew (for a few weeks George's mistress), the parson, and the squire's spaniel, John. It was the squire's conviction that "individualism had ruined England, and he had set himself deliberately to eradicate this vice from the character of his tenants. By substituting for their individualism his own tastes, plans, and sentiments, one might almost say his own individualism, and losing money thereby, he had gone far to demonstrate his pet theory that the higher the individualism the more sterile the life of the community." But he called himself a "Tory Communist." Thus, in thirty years or so his estate had failed to pay, he had made a vain attempt to enclose a common (thus revealing his only criminal tendency—towards theft), his wife had become gentler and gentler and more repressed, his eldest son had taken to living at his club, and his spaniel was unhappy except when he was being cursed or caressed by Horace Pendyce. That spaniel, haunting his heels, become a part of himself, resembling him in the shape of his skull, and the only part of himself which he ever treated irreverently, is more brilliantly used than any animal I can think of in fiction. The squire's "Damn the dog! Oh, *poor* John!" when he has carelessly trodden on its tail and it hovers uncertain how it has offended, is admirable. In fact, for the truth and delicacy of its observation, and the temperance, the fair brevity, and serene irony of its expression, in a hundred details, the book would be remarkable, even had it no wholeness and no clear intention. The brief landscapes alone would make a reputation. But these details are all relevant, and their beauty is therefore doubled by their place. Thus the book is one of the closest and most luminous records imaginable of a few months in the life of half a dozen unimportant people.

The squire is not much disturbed by his son's absence in town—for "young men will be young men"—until he hears that George may figure as the co-respondent in Bellew *v.* Bellew. Even then he is ready to believe that George will return to his senses and allow the matter to be hushed up, lest it should impair the spotless reputation of the Pendyces. But, says Mrs. Pendyce, that quiet, unconscious martyr and pleased victim of the blissful Communist,

"'Oh, Horace! You don't understand. He's in love with her.'

"Mr. Pendyce's lower lip trembled, a sign with him of excitement or emotion. All the conservative strength of his nature, all the immense dumb force of belief in established things, all that stubborn hatred and dread of change, the incalculable power of imagining nothing, that since the beginning of time had made Horace Pendyce the arbiter of his land, rose up within his sorely tried soul.

"'What on earth's that to do with it?' he cried in a rage. 'You women! You've no sense of anything! Romantic, idiotic, immoral—I don't know what you're at. For God's sake don't go putting ideas into his head!'"

The squire, unable to cut the entail, will at least keep George penniless while he can. Then, for the first time, Mrs.

* "The Country House." By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Pendyce is stirred. She will help her son with her £300 a year; she will leave Mr. Pendyce and save her son. She goes quietly to town without warning and sees George, only to find him grieved at her offence, and, moreover, suffering deeply because, not only has he ceased to love Mrs. Bellew (who has told him that he will be just like his father), but she has thrown him over. The passion-stifled mother's long healing embrace of her son in the rooms where he was thinking of suicide is a model of natural and unsought pathos, as the squire's resentment in his dressing-room after his wife's outburst is of humour. So, after two days' absence, Mrs. Pendyce returns and goes to see Captain Bellew, and, she being the only lady whom that delirious sportsman respects, she persuades him to drop the proceedings, and is happy again—she has saved the Pendyces—on a fine summer evening after a thunder shower.

So the book ends. I wish I could make room to praise the afternoon when the Rev. Hussell Barter is awaiting the birth of his eleventh child; George's interviews with his mother in London; the whole process of Mrs. Pendyce's half-conscious sympathy with the passion of her son for a woman "every man is in love with." But I can only say without emphasis—of a book that, with all its stupid characters, has a real beauty through its lack of emphasis, and its way of making them criticise and express themselves perfectly by dialogues, attitudes, minutely recorded acts—I can only say that its observation and expression is that of an easy master, of a man who is at every movement arresting this fleeting life and giving it permanence for us to smile and think over. It is questionable only for a coldness that once or twice hardens into absurdity. E. T.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.*

Six of Mr. Arthur Benson's works present such an extraordinary tangle of superficial difference and essential resemblance, of anonymity, pseudonymity, and subsequent acknowledgment of authorship, that they and their author and multiple hero are in the highest degree confusing. "The House of Quiet," purporting to be extracts from the journal of J. T. deceased, was published in 1904. Since then we have had "The Thread of Gold," by the author of "The House of Quiet"; "The Upton Letters," by T. B.; "From a College Window," a pseudo-anonymous book of essays which, though highly praised as such, would be more correctly described as a volume of articles on their own author; and "The Gate of Death." Now comes "Beside Still Waters," which is described by its publishers as an imaginary portrait of one Hugh Neville, and the authorship of which is avowed on the title-page. All of these books, one cannot but believe, are *autobiografictions;* that is to say, they are records of real spiritual experiences strung on credible but more or less fictitious autobiographical narratives. ("Beside Still Waters," though its narrative is not directly autobiographical in form, is only an apparent exception.) The heroes who have the experiences are one and the same man, a writer, presumably Mr. Arthur Benson; not necessarily the whole of Mr. Benson, but a section or segment, let us say, of himself. We learn from "The Upton Letters" and from "Beside Still Waters," and, if I recollect rightly, from others of the six books, that his best time for writing is from tea till dinner, and that his mind is a little heavy in the morning. Deeper similarities will be observed by anyone who reads the whole series.

The question arises, Must not a man's spiritual experience have been extraordinarily full and intense in order to write six autobiografictions in four years? And the answer unfortunately is that it ought to have been, but in Mr. Benson's case has not been so. The teaching of his books is, indeed, how to make the best of a rather restricted experience. Many a man in the street, many a poor slut in an alley, must have had a wider and intenser life than Mr. Benson's secluded multiple hero, but they have not had his introspective talent for sucking their experiences dry, for refining on them, nor for writing them down. First in publication, first in literary quality, stands "The House of Quiet." Hugh Neville, we are told in "Beside Still Waters," would have liked to do something "to win men back to the joys that were within reach of all, the joys of peaceful work, and simplicity, and friendship, and quiet hopefulness." That was the valuable tendency of "The House of Quiet." Next in importance is "The Upton Letters," with its interesting revelation of the mind and ideals of a sensitive schoolmaster. The other four books are more or less derivative—expansions and dilutions of the same spiritual experience. They contain additional matter, certainly; but an insufficiency of it. Mr. Benson has plagiarised himself to an incredible extent, and without improving on himself. One feels tempted to echo an Upton Letter, and say: "It is character and imagination that we want to affect rather than the mastery of minute points and subtleties."

"Beside Still Waters" is the most expanded and dilute of all the series. Hugh Neville, an introspective, sensuous, unsensual man, with a cold core to his gentle, beauty-loving nature, has had Mr. Benson's usual public school and University training, and, in the usual Bensonian manner, has only half submitted to its influence. Forsaking a not unsuccessful official career, he betakes himself to a house beside still waters (which are not still, but have a music exquisitely described) for peacefulness, self-development and literary work. His life strikingly resembles that of "J. T." in "The House of Quiet." He proceeds from Christianity of "a purely orthodox and sensuous description" to a compromise between reason and intuition which is temperamental rather than philosophical, and which is slightly more deterministic than "J. T.'s" was. On the way, he finds out his limitations, and by ordering himself accordingly, he achieves life of a sort. His friends—somewhat wooden foils to himself, who compare badly with the fine portraits in Mr. Benson's earlier volumes—criticise his work in much the same fashion as one would criticise "Beside Still Waters." It lacks "hard intellectual robustness." Its beautiful language—and Mr. Benson's style can be very beautiful—overloads its matter. The book, a longish one, is erected on foundations too shadowy. The fact that Hugh Neville does not come to handgrips with life is too apparent. One imagines that six months' concise reporting for the *Police News* would have done him all the good in the world. He is treated with too prodigious a seriousness. "J. T." justified himself in a book that was admirable literature. Hugh Neville fails to do so, and Mr. Benson's craftsmanship suffers in the effort to make him. "Beside Still Waters" is over-ripe, languorous, almost stuffy. In "The House of Quiet" Mr. Benson gave us a very good thing indeed. Now he has given us too much of that good thing, and it is largely for love of the earlier book that we resent the later.

Stephen Reynolds.

* "Beside Still Waters." By Arthur Christopher Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

ON ART AND ARTISTS.*

When we consider criticism "as she is wrote" by Max Nordau we should seek apparently for its prototype in mediæval Yorkshire, for we believe there the genial sentence was formulated, "Hullo, here's a stranger! Let's heave half a brick at his head!" In this sentence we find the principle of much scientific and other criticism, and many artists appeal to Max Nordau against its simple force in vain. Thus, some years ago, in his book, "Degeneration," he condemned the gentle and delicate art of "Kate Greenaway, whose love of children diverted from its natural outlet," said the scientific critic, "has sought gratification in the most affected style of drawing, wherein the sacredness of childhood is profaned under absurd disguises." In his present book the author says the artist's hunger for success is a fitting form of his instinct for self-preservation; and as he works with an eye to exhibiting where his work will be one of two thousand, he has only one endeavour,

"viz., to be as different as possible from these, and to make a striking impression among them.

"The truth is that the 'Impressionists' were turbulent young people who got angry at vegetating in obscurity; and impelled by envious loathing of the celebrities of that day they found in a negative chemo-tropical way, the exact reverse of their dark style.

"Five years ago the same incident was played off, exactly in the opposite direction. Everybody was painting in a bright style. Then, again, some young people got angry about their being unknown and unheeded, and they entered, consciously, and of set

* "On Art and Artists." By Max Nordau. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

purpose, into opposition against the celebrities of the day. Charles Cottet exhibited a black picture which, in the middle of a blinding white exhibition wall, struck just as glaringly as did, thirty years ago, the bright picture in the middle of the black wall. Cottet had hit the bull's eye. He instantly created a school.

"It is an orbit without beginning or end, and only posing fools seek in this monotonous, periodical return of the same effects under the influence of the same causes, to ferret out connections with definite phenomena of the times."

It is plain that scientific criticism may become a very simple matter to the man who knows his world and can assign the right, that is to say the improper, motive to everyone. But Max Nordau shows us what special knowledge he has when he takes Manet to task, terribly, for his ignorance of the values of local colours in light. This reminds one of the critic who spoke of the picture, "Las Meninas," as "slovenly in execution, poor in colour, and little but a combination of neutral grays"; and when Mr. Whistler drew attention to his appraisement, wrote to him (to Whistler!), "I appreciate Velasquez as entirely, and allow me to say, as intelligently as yourself. I have probably seen and studied more of his work than you have." Of course Mr. Whistler reported this statement also, and, indeed, devoted a great deal of time to the education of critics. Undoubtedly criticism has gained, but unfortunately it was time lost to Mr. Whistler. And is there no pathos in Manet's speech to M. Proust in one of their last interviews? Manet, too, had made a desperate fight, and at the end he said, "This war to the knife has done me much harm. I have suffered from it greatly." As Max Nordau continues the war, although he says, "The man, you know, is dead, not only as a human being, but also as an artist," one may, in passing, compare his estimate with that of another.

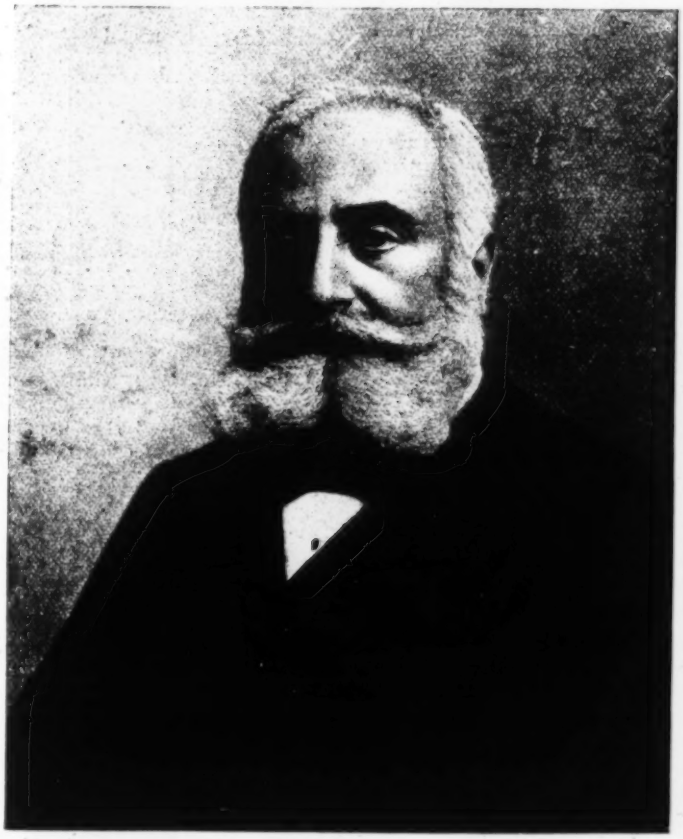


Photo Elliott and Fry. **Max Nordau.**

(Reproduced from "Max Nordau on Art and Artists," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Manet made good a new vision of the world, says Mr. MacColl. "It is a province of aspect at the other pole of painting from Rembrandt's, but no more than his a strain upon truth, and recommended, like Rembrandt's, by rare mastery over the qualities of paint. This is true, however rude and shallow at certain points Manet's artistic character may be as compared with Rembrandt's."

M. Nordau gives some space to the question, Has the public a right to judge a work of art, or must it renounce its own opinion and simply bow before the verdict of specialists? He asks, pertinently, who are the specialists, and saying that only an individual, never a category, can lay claim to the rank of expert, denies that the expert is necessarily the practising artist. We may remember that in a discussion wherein otherwise he had no success, Tom Taylor certainly made a point here; "God help the artists if ever the criticism of pictures falls into the hands of painters," said he. "It would be a case of vivisection all round."

Nevertheless it would seem the cobbler does well to stick to his last, when M. Nordau, himself, speaking as a biologist of plants, tells us how to the thoughtful and experienced eye there is revealed in underwood, bush, or a bit of turf the whole nature tragedy of the struggle for existence. The passage, so admirable a record of observation, occurs in the chapter upon Sisley and landscape painting; but without allowing us to contemplate a law of live and let live, the author goes on at once to insist upon the limitations of the artist who regards nature from a wholly unliterary standpoint. Is such landscape painting art or a clever trick, he asks? Who shall say, that will not reply in what we think were some wise words of Sir Martin Conway, that where a man blames any kind of art his blame is primarily to be taken as a measure of the necessary limitations of his own power of appreciation?

F. E. Phillips.

THE SHIRBURN BALLADS.*

When John Prideaux, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, went to be installed in the See of Worcester, in the reign of Charles I., a Worcestershire gentleman who attended the ceremony ended his speech of welcome with the sentence: "Lend me what ballads you have, and I will let *you* see what I have: I know you to love all such things." There is a genial smack about that, as of two smokers exchanging their pouches. And it is, no doubt, to readers of the same spirit that this pouch of the Shirburn mixture is offered. Having smoked a pipe-full of it, most people will return to their own fancy; but it would be ungracious to set the proffered pouch aside at once. To tell the truth, however, these are not, for the most part, the right sort of ballads. They have no kinship with those grand old outpourings of the people's Muse like

"The King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the bluid-rede wine."

which is one of the finest openings in all lyrical poetry.

The interest of most of the Shirburn Ballads is of quite a different kind. They certainly throw quaint little flashes of light on the times that produced them, and on the minds of those that relished them. Most of them have no intrinsic literary value at all. But they are delightful reading for all that. The unconscious humour of some of them is almost overwhelming. The lament of the thirteen-year-old maiden, for instance, who was unable to attract a husband:—

"My Cossen *Besse*, with great deiight,
Is now a marryed wife;
And, with her husband, joyfullye
Doth lead a maryed lyfe.
But I, poor I! unmaryed am;
Yet full as fayre as she.

My shoes are made of the finest syze,
With purple-coloured hose;

* "The Shirburn Ballads." Edited from the Manuscript by Andrew Clark. 10s. 6d. net. (Clarendon Press.)

My handker-chefe is ready still
To purifye my nose;
My pettycoate is made so short
That youths my legges may see.

Every Sunday I goe to church
For no devotion sake,
But onely, for to spye out one
I might my true-love make.
Alas! I wish, but dare not speake;
My blushinge letteth me."

The "dying fall" at the end of each stanza is distinctly touching. So are the long moralisings in verse of criminals at the gallows (most quaintly illustrated) which apparently took the place of our illustrated halfpenny papers in the days of "Eliza and our James." A few of these ballads are mere trash, which it was a pity to reprint. Most of them have been printed before; and the best of these is the famous "My Mind to me a Kingdom is," by Sir William Dyer. But, on the whole, chiefly owing to its admirable introduction and illuminating notes, the book thoroughly justifies itself. There are some unusual, and even some suggestive metrical effects amongst the unfamiliar ballads. But it is very difficult to estimate them at their exact worth, as they were mostly written to old tunes, and they obviously are meant to have a rhythm which cannot be properly conveyed by the mere words without musical notes. The bulk of the book is made up of ballads of this kind; so that the reader will easily perceive how slight a connection, as a whole, they have with literature. The following, for example, goes to the tune of "Nutmegs and Ginger," whatever that may be:—

"In his gloves
that he loves
he like a true love proves
Bordring them
with bleeding hearts
piercèd through quite with darts.
Then the Tanner swares
hee'le have him by the eares
that doth this rival prove."

But it is no more subject to such rude laws of metre as govern the trumpet-calls of Chevy-Chase than a modern cake-walk is subject to such laws as govern Tennyson's "Revenge." No one could imagine that these lines, for instance, would "go" to a perfectly balanced waltz-tune:—

"I'm Billy Muggins,
Commonly known as the Juggins,
Silly Billy,
That's what my friends call me."

Yet they undoubtedly did; and made a very popular music-hall song some time ago. The "Shirburn Ballads" contain many pages of that sort of thing, the interest of which is purely antiquarian. On the other hand, once or twice the blood is really stirred by a fine marching tune like the following, which alone would make the book worth a position in the library. The verses we are about to quote describe the tryumphes kept in Ireland upon St. George's day, by the noble Earle of Essex and his followers. If they are new—and we do not remember to have seen them before—they are certainly a great discovery, and should soon find their way into all anthologies of English patriotic verse. We should like to quote the ballad at length, for the cumulative effect of the refrain is extraordinarily effective. There is a sturdy sense of syllabic equivalence which produces a rousing kettle-drum effect, too, here and there in lines like "Although the fight be never so hot":—

"Full many a bould renowned Knight,
Well trainde to armes and martiall fight,
Were seene that day, with great delight,
To honour Sainct *George* of *England*,
With gentlemen of high degree,
Our choycest floures of chyvalrye,
As brave a sight as one might see
to honour Sainct *George* of *England*.

Who had been there for to behold
Our captaines and leiftenants bolde
Attired brave in cloth of golde
to honour Sainct *George* of *England*,
Might truly then report and say
Our champion bolde, Sainct George's, day
Was nobly graced every way
to the honour of famous *England*.

* * * * *

The nimble quicke Caliver-shot
Resolveth not to stirre a jot
Although the fight be never so hot
Against our friendes of *Englande*;
And there-upon immediatelye
With thundering shot they dynned the skye
Sainct George's day to glorifye
to the honour of famous *England*.

The Pikemen there, like souldiers good
In glistering corselets stoutly stood
Protesting for to spend their blood
to the honour of famous *England*.
The ensygne-bearers there likewise
Did wave their colours in the skyes
And still Sainct *George* for *England* cryes
lyke souldiers brave of *England*.

* * * * *

Now many a warlyke *English* king
Most noble conquestes home did bring
Obtainèd by the gray goose winge,
the ancient fight of England. . . ."

And so forth, in a swinging manner which the reader must fill up for himself. We can give no idea, in so disjointed a quotation, of the splendid vigour of this ballad. We may be displaying our ignorance, but we confess it was quite unknown to us hitherto, and the editor makes no sign that it has ever been printed before. If this be the case, we repeat that it is a very notable acquisition indeed, and we would desire here to call particular attention to it.

ALFRED NOYES.

THE ESSENTIALS OF ÆSTHETICS.*

The title of Professor Raymond's book will procure for it a certain number of greedy buyers amongst students of the philosophy of art. Its contents will be a disappointment to them. Pretending to build his theory upon fundamental principles by giving very trying chapters upon the laws of composition, gesture, chemistry of colours, the subconscious, etc., the author has erected a bungalow, pitiable and undesirable. He argues with words, and not with concepts or convictions. It is doubtful whether he has a single conviction regarding art. Not content with the old and useless distinctions, the "sublime" and "the beautiful," he must complicate matters by adding "the brilliant," the "striking," the "violent," and so on. Words trouble him. He writes ". . . it was said that the arts cannot create. But it was not said they cannot be creative." He discovers three divisions of artistic representation—one of them is the "artistic-artistic," and one of "the three tendencies given rise to" by this remarkable manifestation is "idealised-realism." We read—"the word education is composed of two Latin words, *e*, meaning from or out of, and *ducere*, to lead. But why should *educate* mean *to lead from or out of?*"—Why should it? But is all this science?

The Professor makes art to be the imitation of the sounds and forms of nature made human by man's "subconscious mental activity," *i.e.*, it *represents* them. He writes that he has "come upon this word" in the course of his searching for one "that will express that which is the general result of art production." He supports it by the definition in Webster's Dictionary. But he fails to show how it explains *architecture*, since we cannot allow it to be evolved from the forms of nature; "columns and arches do not imitate, but represent trunks and branches of trees." Nor does it explain *music*, in that he wrongly asserts that music represents the tones of speech around us, and the "humming of bees . . . whippoorwills . . . catbirds, etc."; nor *poetry*, since, besides representing by description the sounds and forms of nature, poetry's main theme is the representation of our spiritual condition and relations one with another. *Prose*, the author terms merely "presentative," hence it does not come into his definition of Art. His definition would apply, roughly at least, to the *formative arts*, but by his own arguments he will not allow it. We learn that the significance which the artistic representation of the forms of nature has over and above mere imitation is due to the moral and rational content infused into it by the artist's subconscious temperament. Hence, he says, that no faultless painting can make beautiful a scene of debauchery. . . . The Professor would not know how to judge or admire a drawing of a hand or landscape, since his subconscious test would be clearly inapplicable.

* "The Essentials of Aesthetics." By George Lansing Raymond, Litt.D. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Sculpture, painting and drawing, then, in spite of the Professor, must be considered justified by their representations of the forms and colours of nature, if by nothing else. We do not judge a painted landscape by the selection of colour effect, but only according to the truth and fulness with which that effect is represented. And so, if a painter or poet chooses to represent a scene of vice, we must logically judge it good or bad according to its trueness to reality or nature; the choice of moral content cannot be dragged into æsthetics. The reason why the Professor cannot plausibly make his own definition explain all the arts is that he has not realised that art represents only *ideas* or *conceptions*, and not, as he thinks, forms and sounds. Thus, architecture represents ideas or conceptions of mass, symmetry, etc.; music, ideas of sound harmony, rhythm; poetry and prose, ideas of spiritual events; the so-called formative arts ideas of form and colour.

Space forbids me to deal with the Professor's other conclusions, so I quote a few of his remarks. He says that the effects of statuary are produced by "outlines that one can sometimes walk around and observe from every side." "A frequent effect of making any method [he means manner] of communication more artistic is to make it less intelligible." "Upon artistic expression, as in that of a poem or statue years of labour are frequently expended in order to secure a result beyond that of clearness of expression." But, we ask, what is the work to contain beyond the expression of thoughts and ideas, be they of colour, form, or of human interest? The Professor answers, "Nothing more, certainly, than the expressional factors. . . But why should these be emphasised?" he asks. "For no reason, of course, except to emphasise the fact that they are expressional." After this, do we care to know what he means by those factors? There is a long description of the distinguishing outward characteristic of the artist, ". . . can we not perceive this [the artists' self-abandonment to sentiment] sometimes in their very gaits and gestures, in the involuntary waverings of their lips, in the unconscious bewilderment of their eyes? . . ."

JOHN FOTHERGILL.

From a drawing by Bruce J. Home.

Head of Brodie's Close, Lawnmarket.

(Reproduced from "The Trial of Deacon Brodie," by kind permission of Messrs. Sweet and Maxwell, Ltd.)

THE HAPPY RUFFIAN.*

This volume is an addition to that series of "Notable Scottish Trials," each one of which is as interesting as an ordinary novel; so interesting, indeed, as to suggest that a modern novelist might easily do worse than imitate their method, giving away the whole plot of his story in his preface, and by a series of cross-examinations bringing out the characters of all his puppets. This particular trial is likely to be one of the most interesting in the collection. Like the others, it is a plain dry record of fact. There is an introduction stating what the criminal did, who he was, how he was found out, and what became of him. The rest of the book is filled by a verbatim report of the trial, the evidence of prosecution and defence, the summing up, and all the rest of the business customary in such cases. The result of the whole, preface and trial taken together, is an extraordinarily vivid portrait of the excellent Deacon, who is one of the most romantic characters in Edinburgh legend. He appears as the respectable citizen in the eyes of his friends, and as the master mind in the eyes of his criminal associates. We enjoy his astuteness, we sympathise with the slip that was his undoing, we watch his behaviour during his flight, we observe with admiration his demeanour at the trial.

The Deacon was a fascinating fellow. "Many a citizen," says Stevenson, "was proud to welcome him to supper, and dismissed him with regret at a timeous hour, who would have been vastly disconcerted had he known how soon, and in what guise, his visitor returned." Surely Stevenson misjudges him a little in saying that he was "a man harassed below a mountain of duplicity." Surely there was little of harassment about the Deacon's elaborate deceits. I have thought, and I should like to go on thinking of Deacon Brodie, as of a great artist, to whom elaboration and subtlety were no trouble, but the very breath of life, a joyous savour in his nostrils. And, indeed, the book bears me out. There was no base, mercenary, sneaking, covetous, second-rate, despicable, disheartening, worldy motive to prompt him to the thieves' kitchens, and his burglaries. It is true that he wanted money, but only to spend it in further villainy. It is as if you would call an artist mercenary for wanting painting materials. Sometimes he was even out of pocket over his delicious felonious nocturnes—and I do not believe he regretted the money. He was an unworldly, upright artist; his vocation was clear to him, and he followed it devotedly, to his martyrdom on the Tolbooth gallows invented by his own ingenious brain. It is fine to think of him kicking his fellow sufferer as they went from the dock to the cells, because, in the presence of

* "The Trial of Deacon Brodie." Edited by W. Roughead. 5s. (Sweet and Maxwell, Ltd.)

the Philistines, he had shown signs of distress. Poor fellow—a genius among a lot of hireling talent—hiding his great gifts from the orthodox, and, like Socrates, killed for them, when they found him out. I think of him rejoicing in the records of great criminals, as painters love Vasari's Lives, and humming quietly to himself, in the houses of the dull bourgeois, this from "The Beggars' Opera":—

> "At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
> At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
> Let me go where I will,
> In all kinds of ill,
> I shall find no such furies as these are."

much as an artist may sometimes comfort himself at the picture-dealer's dinner table, by remembering an epigram of Blake's. I am sorry for Deacon Brodie, so lonely in his greatness. And yet, I do not know: if to live gladly for an ideal, and to follow it to the end with a singing heart, is happiness, I can think of few men who could be better satisfied with their lives. Just picture the joy of him through those years, with his art to comfort him, gradually acquiring a mastery of technique. Think of him with his dark lanthorn, and mask and all. He *must* have been a happy man.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

MOLIERE'S LIFE AND PLAYS.*

A perfect English biography of Molière, I am afraid, has yet to be written, but pending its production the rather bulky volume which Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, a young American scholar, has devoted to the career and work of the master of comedy will serve as a very creditable substitute. In one way or another it has the advantage of both the other recent studies of its subject. Though its author's excursions into the sphere of æsthetic criticism are not too happy—in fact are decidedly amateurish at times—and his discussion of the plays is concerned overmuch with exposition of the plot and characters of each particular piece, and far too little with any general survey of Molière's theatre or of the progress of his art and attitude towards life, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's book is, at any rate, free from the *naïvetés* of style and the excess of details which so largely discounted the results of Mr. H. M. Trollope's painstaking researches in his lately-issued "Life." Again, though the American writer's portrait of Molière the man lacks the sure outlines and incisive strokes which a practised biographer could have supplied, and though the halting phrases in which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor hints at a fault in his hero or repels an insinuation, makes us occasionally long for the measured judgments of a M. Mesnard or the inspired imagination of a M. Larroumet, still Molière's newest panegyrist succeeds in describing the personal characteristics, the daily routine, the private friendships, and the public associations of the seventeenth-century actor-playwright with a fulness that Mr. Karl Mantzius was unable to attain in the limited space which he could give in his general stage-history to "Molière and his Times." Indeed the more strictly historical chapters of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's biography are about as good as they could well be—learned without being dry-as-dust, entertaining without being ever careless of facts. He writes of Molière's early home life in the household and shop of his father, the royal upholsterer, and of that family of the Béjarts with whom the stage-struck lad formed what was to be a lifelong connection; he hits off the main features of the long years of provincial barn-storming, which were to prove so invaluable an experience to the future Court dramatist; he sketches the particular types against which Molière's satire was mainly directed in his comedies—foppish courtiers, pretentious precieuses, canting professors of religion, medical quacks and snobbish provincials; he depicts the main constituents of Louis the XIV.'s Court, which so often constituted Molière's audience, the leading members of the company of which he was stage-manager, leading actor and playwright, and finally the friends in whose society he sought relief from work, with a vivacity and a wealth of anecdote that half-conceal the wide reading and patient investigation that have gone to the making of his fluent, facile-seeming narrative. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, moreover, never shirks any of those stock problems which the scandal of his contemporaries invented, as it is possible to hope, in connection with Molière's private life, for the bewilderment of posterity. It is no nice task to sift all the evidence which favours or confutes the notion that the dramatist's young wife, Armande Béjart, was not the youngest sister but really the daughter of Molière's old associate and mistress, Madeleine Béjart. Still Mr. Chatfield-Taylor examines *ab initio* all the documentary and other testimony bearing on the unsavoury topic, and only acquits Armande's husband from what would be a damning blot upon his sense of decency, not to say moral character, after a nice balancing of the conflicting data. No, it is not in the biographical, but in the critical sections of his book that the latest appreciator of Molière disappoints legitimate expectations.

Reference has already been made above to Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's failure to summarise concisely his impressions of Molière, the man. It might also be contended that the biographer lays far too much stress on the irritability and neuroticism of the playwright in his domestic life. The same lack of generalising power which prevents Mr. Chatfield-Taylor from crystallising his ideas of Molière's character, or again from offering us an account of the French stage just before Molière's days, is apparently responsible for his never attempting any but a piecemeal analysis of his subject's plays. Instead of relating the various compositions to one another and seeking to discover the general principles of Molière's comedy, this critic fobs us off with remarks such as the following, which suggest that perhaps, after all, his restraint was wise:—

> "Pure comedy, besides painting life sincerely and lightly, should tell the story of an individual's triumph over the complication of existence in a way that bears no kinship with the sorrow of tragedy or the hilarity of farce. . . . The charm of comedy depends upon the skill with which both character and situation are blended in an atmosphere of natural mirth."

Let me be just, however, to Mr. Chatfield-Taylor. He deliberately disavows any intention of submitting in his book "exhaustive criticisms of Molière's dramatic works," and states that he has aimed instead at interpreting the dramatist's life by his plays, and his plays by his life. There lurks in that simple statement a danger which, it seems to me, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has not escaped—the danger of reading too much subjective feeling into objective works of art. The biographer's avowed intention prompts, to begin with, too rough-and-ready a classification of the plays—into plays written under Italian influence, Gallic plays, of which the "Ecole des Maris" and the "Ecole des Femmes" are specimens, "obsequious" or court plays such as the "Versailles Impromptu," militant plays such as "Le Tartufe" and "Le Misanthrope," and finally "histrionic" plays such as "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Now a classification which places the "Ecole des Femmes" and "The Misanthrope," both dealing with an elderly lover's infatuation for a young coquette, into different categories is obviously faulty; and why the "Precieuses Ridicules" should not be called militant it is hard to see. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's point of view comes out very plainly when he explains his classification:—

> "In his (Molière's) plays we may read the story of his life: Mascarille, the light-hearted bohemian; Sganarelle, the jealous man of forty seeking domestic happiness in vain; Eraste, the courtier and wit condemned to be bored since he durst not offend; Alceste, the generous misanthrope who, in spite of his philosophy of life and knowledge of the world's imposture, loves a heartless coquette because 'he cannot banish all past tenderness, howsoever ardently he longs to hate her'; and, in a way, Argan, the hawking invalid, married to a faithless wife—are, part by part, Molière himself, concealed little more than the ostrich with its head in the sand."

But this notion of the subjectivity of Molière's comedies is carried to its extremest limits in the following comparison:—

> "Like its companion piece ['The School for Wives'] deals with the problem of an elderly man's love for a young girl. 'The School for Husbands' was produced, be it remembered, nine months before Molière's marriage, whereas 'The School for Wives' was presented ten months thereafter—a divergence in time sufficient to justify the conclusion that Ariste's optimism expresses a bridegroom's hopes, Chrysalde's cynicism a husband's experience."

After this, it is not surprising to learn *àpropos* of "Le Misanthrope" that

> "Alceste, a man of middle age in love with an arrant flirt, has often been pronounced an expression of Molière's self. The evidence, of course, is purely circumstantial; yet, like that of 'The School for Husbands' and 'The School for Wives,' is too much of

* "Molière: A Biography." By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. 10s. 6d. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

a coincidence to be disregarded; for at the very time when Molière was driven by the frivolity of his own wife to part from her, he conceived Alceste, a hater of mankind, inspired by a woman's heartlessness."

Or to be told of Molière's "medical comedies" that

"Each represents a phase of his incurable malady. 'Love as a Doctor,' so bitter in tone, was written when the disease first manifested itself. After nature had won a temporary triumph, 'The Doctor in Spite of Himself' was penned to paint in a vein of pleasantry the impotence of medicine; then continued suffering the physicians were unable to alleviate inspired those more stinging satires, 'Monsieur de Pourceaugnac' and 'The Imaginary Invalid'—each an expression of the author's bitterness toward medicine."

It is all very ingenious, this line of argument, and it covers, no doubt, a considerable element of truth; but surely to dot the "i's" and cross the "t's" of the plays in such literal fashion is strangely and needlessly to limit a genius's own capacity for imaginative sympathy.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's book ought not to be dismissed without some allusion to two of its most admirable features—a chronology of the poet's life and a full Molière bibliography.

F. G. Bettany.

DEMOCRATIC SONNETS.*

These volumes are the first of a series that aims at bringing together the "large body of excellent poets" of our day and the "fairly considerable body of intelligent readers of poetry." I notice with special satisfaction the promise that no volumes will be produced at the author's risk. The failure of modern poetry to take a wide hold of our age has probably causes of deep significance, as, for example, the increasing range of prose, and especially of the novel. But if there is anything apparently not irremediable which has done more harm than the almost unvaried ridicule of reviewers and the multiplication of reprints which appeal to those of indolent or no taste, it is the large quantity of verse by imbeciles and their friends which have been published in all sorts of bindings at their authors' expense. This effort is, therefore, to be heartily applauded. It has also begun brilliantly, inasmuch as "The Soul's Destroyer" contains some of the most beautiful and poignant poetry of our day, all the more interesting because it is by a man whose experience of modern life under most varied circumstances far exceeds his reading. The book has already been praised in these columns, but as it has long been inaccessible and is perhaps forgotten, I shall not apologise for quoting once more a short passage from the longest poem in it:—

"We went together side by side to school:
Together had our holidays in fields
Made golden by June's buttercups; in woods
Where under ferns fresh pulled I buried her,
And called her forth like Lazarus from the grave;
She'd laughing come, to shake her curls until
Methought to hear full half a hundred bells.
A grown-up world took playful notice soon,
Made me feel shame that grew a greater love.
She was more chary of her laughter then,
And more subdued her voice, as soft and sweet
As Autumn's blowing through his golden reeds.
In her sweet sympathies she was a woman
When scarcely she was more than child in years.
And yet one angry moment parted us,
And days of longing never joined us more."

And for brevity, simplicity, and bitter force and calm, his "Lodging House Fire" is one of the finest reveries in the language.

Of less importance as literature, since they are but the literary exercises of a man of culture and enthusiasm, are Mr. W. M. Rossetti's fifty sonnets. Yet they are likely to be more attractive at first sight, because they relate to tremendous events, and because they record the powerful and consistent emotions of a man whose name is honourable. The first sonnet, in point of time—"Hungary and Europe," known widely already as "Democracy Down-trodden"—was written in 1849, the year before "The Germ" revealed Mr. Rossetti's extraordinary penetration as a critic of new books. The last date from 1882. Most were written in 1881. All but one are new. The series was begun "with the intention of treating any subjects, of a democratic or progressive kind, proper to the period of my own life, which commenced in 1829." His subjects are such as "The Corn Laws, 1846," "England and America, 1861-1865," "The Transvaal, 1881," "The Republic, 1848," "The Parisian Commune, 1871," "Felice Orsini, 1858-1859," "Rome and Italy, 1870," "Garibaldi, 1871," "Metternich, 1848," "Poland, 1863," "The Slaves Freed, 1865." None of the poems reveals originality or even a great measure of accomplishment in the use of the sonnet form, but all of them are aflame with an incorruptible enthusiasm for liberty and the people, and although the power is that of the rhetorician, not of the poet, they are capable and worthy of producing valuable emotion in their readers. At their poorest they are superior to most leading articles, not only in their terseness, but in their indubitable passion. At the best, their passion is justified by an intellectual concentration upon great events which leaves us with a deep respect for Mr. Rossetti. Hate and love, but always enthusiasm, always hope and a principle of life, thrill them through and through. It is a pleasure to quote one, called "The Red Shirt, 1860-1867":

"Red like the dripping hands of Italy,
Bathed sacred in the drops her martyred sons
Have shed through all this century which runs
Crimsoned in streaks to meet eternity:
Red as the venomed blood of tyranny
Dyes and re-dyes the dagger's steel-blue thirst:
Red like the conclaved cardinals accurst
By whom the Holy Ghost to papacy
Raised their Ninth Pius, whose nine ravening lives
Catlike, forecast the octogenarian gloom:
Red like Orsini's trunk-dissevered face,
Which still his antique-tempered soul survives:
Oh, red the shirt on which a redder trace
Of blood attests the patriot or his doom."

But no quotations can do justice to these fearless, red-hot ejaculations, with their vivid revelation of a personality and of the spirit of a century.

Edward Thomas.

* "Democratic Sonnets." By William Michael Rossetti. 2 vols. "The Soul's Destroyer." By William H. Davies. 1s. net each. (Alston Rivers.)

GROWING UP.*

We do not lose our allegiance to nursery rhymes when we leave the nursery and the nurse. They have given us something for ourselves, and we cannot afford to forget them. We look upon them perhaps even more affectionately when we are grown up than when a nurse first soothed our baby struggles with them while she was trying to put our feet into our boots. It was under these circumstances that I first heard "Jack and Jill."

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

As the exciting melody fell on my ears my feet unstiffened, and I let the nurse be happy in her tearless triumph. "Why did Jack fall?" "Because he had not let his nursie put his booties on," came the reply, quicker of wit than usual. The explanation seemed all-sufficient, and the second boot slipped on as if by magic.

And here comes Miss Eckenstein's iconoclastic book. I do not believe I ought to have allowed the second boot. The explanation cannot have been correct. For behold, Jack and Jill are no longer chubby-faced simple children, fetching water for a poor mother busied in housework, from a well that some fool had dug on the top of a hill instead of in a valley. My old happy illusion is blown away like the mist in the morning. It seems that they are heroic, mythological beings, sufficiently important to have once served the purpose of an oath; that they are Scandinavian, not English; that their names are Hjuki and Bill—and I thought Jill such a pretty name for a girl.

I am only consoled by the book, which flaunts its interest in my ready-to-be-disgusted face. Miss Eckenstein places English and foreign rhymes side by side, and finds them most curiously alike. Humpty Dumpty, for example, appears in almost identical forms in Saxony, Switzerland, Scandinavia, France, and the Faroes. By comparing the riddle rhymes, and the game rhymes like "the gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog," and the quaint numbered creed songs, of which "Green grow the rushes O" is an example, with similar things in other times and other countries, Miss Eckenstein traces for them deeper

* "Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes." By Lina Eckenstein. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

meanings than we would suspect. She tells the truth about Lucy Locket and Kitty Fisher, a dark mystery I have always wanted to probe, and she tracks through tangled ways the connections of the Cotillon or Cushion Dance with little Sally Sander, and the other cushion rhymes like little Miss Muffet or Jack Horner, and so to the game of Sally Waters, and from that to the Goddess Sul of the Waters, the presiding Divinity at Bath. By the time I had got so far I had forgotten that nursery rhymes were ever meant for any other purpose, and was as enthusiastic as the author in her chase from point to point back through the centuries, and as happy and proud as she in the many comparisons she suggests that seem really pregnant with folk-knowledge. I watched her dissection of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" with heartless interest, and was more moved by her exposition than by the tragic story, whose last verse—

> "All the birds of the air
> Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
> When they heard of the Death
> Of poor Cock Robin,"

had once brought me to tears.

Folklore study is sometimes a sorrowful thing. Until I have forgotten this book, which is a very good one, and so will not be easy to forget, I shall never be able to think of Humpty, or old King Cole, or little Polly Flinders, or even my dear Jack and Jill, except as material for comparative studies, though once they were shining individualities, as bright and living as Charles' Wain in the Heavens.

THE GREAT DAYS OF VERSAILLES.*

The French memoirs of the seventeenth century are for the most part so entertaining, and so spontaneous in diction, that it is one of the mysteries of bookmaking they should be presented to the public so often in a form incredibly dull and heavy; and Mr. Bradby is to be congratulated upon conveying to his readers something of the lively interest he himself feels in the original materials of his book. He says Versailles came into history as a whim of Louis XIV., and history may be said almost to have left it on that October afternoon in 1789 when Louis XVI. drove for the last time from its gate, a prisoner of the Paris mob; that thus the great drama of Versailles was played out to the bitter end. This is taking the Homeric, or the individual view; for the history of Versailles in 1870-1871 is not independent of the past, and the acclamation of the King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany is a striking sequel to those schemes of European aggrandisement that once occupied Louis XIV. However, Mr. Bradby must take the individual view, necessarily, in summarising the history of Versailles from day to day.

Indeed, Louis XIV. can command our suffrage now in his individual character alone. It is true that with the opening months of every year, probably in instinctive sympathy with the ineradicable passion of a great part of English society for the rites of spring cleaning, historians advance upon us, metaphorically, with pails of whitewash for the renovation of Philip II. of Spain, the Borgia family, and other unpleasant persons; and these enthusiasts will doubtless enter a plea for the statecraft of Louis XIV. They are not likely to win the case. But let us admit the debt we owe to the present day, to Louis XIV. He was an exponent of manners for men. Versailles stands, a monument, to attest there is an art in living; the art we are nowadays, perhaps, a little too apt to forget. Does not Louis make a stately appearance in some historical pictures? For instance, in spite of the complicated motives at work, the sordid intrigue, and a moral shabbiness that played in and out between Versailles and St. Germains, no one can do otherwise than salute the King on witnessing his reception of that termagent, Mary Beatrice; nor fail to be charmed with the courtesy that consoled a defeated Marshal in those sorrowful later years. "At our age," said the King to his old friend, "one is no longer fortunate."

We need not labour the point that there was a radical fault in the centralisation of Versailles. It involved a separation of classes, a divorce from Nature and from common life, from contact with the earth and labouring folk, that was a fatal defect in the art of living. Conventions of etiquette may impinge upon an abyss of boredom into which no man might look and live, and what art can endure that is not in contact with Nature? After all, the best definition of tact remains, that it is the politeness of the heart.

In the palace of Versailles itself, as M. Viollet Le Duc has pointed out, the great symmetrical façades concealed extreme discomfort in the arrangement of the interior. Every art student knows the inherent defects in the plastic arts of the Style of Louis XIV., has heard of sham tapestry on the stairs at Versailles, sham lapis on the walls, that there are stucco reliefs where there should be marble, and that even the basins of the fountains were painted, not inlaid, and had to be constantly re-decorated. At Marly, we are told, the architecture was really all paint. When we wander through the antechambers of Versailles to-day we find it difficult to distinguish sometimes between the actual gilded scroll and the bronze festoon that is merely painted; but while we remark upon the astonishing relief of the mural decorations, at every turn we must admire the skilful design. It may well seem to us that it is not Louis but Le Brun who bestrides Versailles "as a Colossus." Mr. Bradby does not speak of Le Brun, whose influence upon the arts and the artists of his time was enormous, if he does not present in this respect, as M. Genevay claims, a unique instance of power. His decorations of the *galerie des glaces* constitute a poem to the glory of Louis XIV., and we shall agree with the French critic that nothing more flattering can be imagined than the paintings which represent the peoples from the four quarters of the world pressing forward with respectful admiration, "pour voir le grand roi avec son splendide cortège descendre de ses appartements." A description of these paintings upon the Staircase of the Ambassadors will be found in the large work upon Versailles by M. De Nolhac.

Le Brun, it must be acknowledged, was a great scene-painter, and Versailles was his theatre. All the comedians who strutted their little hour upon that stage were subordinated to the chief actor, Louis, waited on his behest all day and possibly dreamed of him at night in the little dens that were crowded in the rear of the state galleries. At all events, Mademoiselle de Montpensier says, in her memoirs, that Madame foretold in a dream an accident the King met with when he was hunting. Dreams don't mean anything, said Mademoiselle, but Madame said her dreams were not as those of others, and told with gloomy pride how she had frightened the Queen to death. "'Voilà deux de mes songes arrivés.' Je la suppliai de ne songer jamais à moi," says the Grande Mademoiselle, who, though she had not been without supernatural experiences of her own, could indeed dispense with ghostly terrors, for she had material troubles enough. Mr. Bradby has nothing to say about Madame's dreams, but he does tell us she snored so horribly that "she gave up going to sermons altogether."

> "It's a great honour," writes Madame plaintively, "to be seated by the side of the King at sermons; but I would willingly give up my place, for his Majesty won't let me sleep. As soon as I go off, he pokes me with his elbow and wakes me."

We may imagine these incidents in the Court Chapel, remembering that Saint Simon says the King had the most dignified expression and bearing. When his sister-in-law was not transgressing in public, Madame de Montespan made him scenes in private, "of which he was not proud," says Madame de Maintenon. Indeed, if his enemies had but known it, sometimes Madame de Montespan amply avenged them upon Louis; but, withal, the irrepressible Madame from the Palatinate herself writes, "When our King wishes to be affable nobody in the world can be so attractive, he has so much politeness and such a charm."

ANIMAL ARTISANS.*

The death of C. J. Cornish, author of "The Naturalist on the Thames," "Nights with an Old Gunner," "The New Forest," etc., made a striking gap in the ranks of popular

* "The Great Days of Versailles." By G. F. Bradby. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

* "Animal Artisans." By C. J. Cornish. With Prefatory Memoir by His Widow, two Portraits from Photographs, and twelve Drawings by Patten Wilson. 6s. 6d. (Longmans.)

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naturalists, such was his general intelligence, his knowledge, his unceasing curiosity, and his lucid, sufficient, if undistinguished, style. His energy, that allowed hardly a week to pass without presenting us with his conclusions on some curious subject or his well-arranged materials for us to puzzle over, seemed untiring; we had come to regard him as permanent, for no better reason, alas! than that he was charming and could not be replaced. When he died last year he was not yet fifty. Born in Devon, of a family long connected with Cornwall and Devon, his literary and natural history tastes were hereditary, we are told. His great-grandfather wrote about the culture and preservation of fish in Devon streams. He ascribed his love of sport and the classics to the influence of his father, a clergyman. He soon began to be interested in the visible—and even for a time in the invisible—inhabitants of fields and waters; going out to spear mermaids in a Suffolk moat, we hear, at a very early age; and thus he became a sportsman, and a sportsman he remained. At Charterhouse, where he went just after it was moved to Godalming, he was energetic at natural history, illegitimate pistol shooting, rifle practice, and football. He was a scholar of Hertford College, Oxford, and got his Blue for Association football in 1883. He left Oxford for a mastership at St. Paul's School, which he held for the twenty years before his death. At the school he founded a lively Field Club. He was also continually writing for the *St. James' Gazette*, *Globe*, *Field*, *Yorkshire Post*, *Spectator*, *Country Life*, and *County Gentleman*, not only on natural history and sport, but on "Steeple-jacks," "Modern Burglary," "Race as a Factor in County Elections," "The Moral Value of Ancestors," etc.; and we are promised a collection of studies of childhood. He must also have been a great reader. His country included such varied tracts as Berkshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, the New Forest, and Cumberland. This posthumous volume is a representative collection, chiefly from the *Spectator* and *Country Life*. Its subjects include "Carpenter Birds," "Road-making Animals," "Animal Dependence on Weather," "The Migrations of Insects," "How Animals Learnt to Climb," "The Power of Fascination," "Benevolence in Man and Beast," "The Fear of Man," "Dogs on the Highway," etc. Their merits are usually simple and undeniable. In the first place, they give clearly and in an orderly form a great deal of curious information, gained by his own wide observation or from books, newspapers, and correspondents. In the second place, they reveal the play of a patient and viewy intelligence upon all these matters, and a considerable descriptive power. He discovers little, though he has seen many things afresh, and some for the first time. His conclusions are few, and, such as there are, will be found cautious and incomplete, for if he was curious he was not adventurous. There is an absence—all the more conspicuous because of their presence in the work of the best among living naturalists—an absence of personality and imagination. We never feel that his emotions are deeply involved, that the whole of a man is getting itself on to paper to some effect, but rather that here is a cultivated and bright mind, which might in another age have been very differently engaged, turned entirely to sport and natural history. He takes nothing for granted; his ideas, like his observations, are usually his own, and it is a pleasure to watch him overturning a popular superstition in such a matter as the power of fascination, as it is also to watch the care with which he describes crossbills pulling fir-cones to pieces during the whole of a summer day. Of active enjoyment there is little trace. Yet there is not a page where we do not gladly admit that if truth and lucidity are valuable, they have never been more faithfully served. The lack of what we have called "personality and imagination" prevents the essays from making a good book, though each individually is good. But wherever they are read they will give or encourage an impulse towards intelligent reasoning and observation, and without inconsistency we can endorse the opinion that "he was the best writer on wild life in any British paper, and for many years gave pleasure and delight of the purest kind to thousands of readers who never saw him, but were none the less his debtors, and will never forget his lessons."

The late Mr. C. J. Cornish.
(Reproduced from "Animal Artisans," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

VILLANI'S CHRONICLE.*

"This book of selections," says the editor, "is not intended as a contribution to the study of Villani, but as an aid to the study of Dante"—a use certainly never dreamed of by the historian. His aim was the much grander one, as Prof. Villari says, of fusing the history of Florence with that of the universe. Whether Dante was in Rome or not during the famous first Jubilee of 1300, there is no doubt that Villani was, for we have his own statement that it was his visit which inspired him to write the history of his native city as the successor to the departing glories of Rome, in imitation of Virgil and Sallust, Lucan, Titus Livius, Valerius, Paulus Orosius, "and other masters of history": "Considering that our city of Florence, the daughter and creature of Rome, was rising, and had great things before her, whilst Rome was declining, it seemed to me fitting to collect in this volume and new chronicle all the deeds and beginnings of the city of Florence, in so far as it has been possible for me to find and gather them together, and to follow the doings of the Florentines in detail, and the other notable things in the universe in brief." The result is what has been well called "the greatest and most naïve chronicle that has been produced in the beautiful Italian tongue"; but we must not expect from it history in the modern critical sense. When Villani deals with "the other notable things in the universe," he accepts with almost childish faith legend and hearsay; and Mr. Wicksteed rightly warns the student to verify carefully his account of events outside the Florence of his day. But inside his time and city Villani is invaluable. He was a prominent actor in the events he narrates. He witnessed the treachery of Charles of Valois, which led to the exile of Dante, whom he calls "our neighbour." Twice Prior, master of the Mint, prominent in negotiations with other cities, charged with the duty of protecting Florence from famine and the rebuilding of her walls, he was intimately familiar with every phase of the great struggle between Guelfs and Ghibellines from at least ten years before Dante's banishment to twenty years after his death. Indeed, he himself narrowly escaped banish-

* "Villani's Chronicle." Being Selections from the First Nine Books of the "Croniche Fiorentine" of Giovanni Villani. Translated by Rose E. Selfe, and edited by Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A. 5s. net. (Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd.)

ment or worse on the same charge of barratry which had been brought against the poet: fortunately he was able to establish his innocence.

Obviously such a chronicle, written by a man of keen observation, is indispensable for the student of Dante; and the selections in the volume before us are made with admirable judgment. In his Introduction, Mr. Wicksteed points out that they vary greatly in their bearing on the poet's works. The opening books give the legendary atmosphere through which Dante and his contemporaries saw their own past. From Bk. IV. to the earlier part of Bk. VIII., the Chronicle "gives us the material upon which Dante's judgments are passed, and enables us to know the men and see the events he judges as he himself knew and saw them." The remaining selections are rich in biographical material, from which we can reconstruct much of the poet's life and fortunes from his banishment to his death. Mr. Wicksteed's Introduction is a careful and scholarly piece of work, based largely on Prof. Villari's "Two First Centuries of Florentine History." In the section dealing with the "Rationale of the Revolutions in Florence," the rise and growth of parties and factions is explained with great clearness—"the struggle for the supremacy of the mercantile democracy and the Roman Law over the military aristocracy, with its 'barbarian' traditions, that lies at the back of the Guelf and Ghibelline troubles of the thirteenth century." The impossibility also of affixing to Dante any definite political label is clearly pointed out: "We cannot say, then, that Dante's politics changed. Nor can we define his position by calling him a Guelf or a Ghibelline, or both. His political ideals were his own. They were the outcome of his life and thought, intensely personal, as was all else about him. They cannot be labelled, but must be studied in his life and works. If we are to use the current terms at all, we shall perhaps come nearest to the truth by saying that Dante was a Guelf in his aims, but that he approximated to the traditions, if not to the practices, of the Ghibellines in the means by which he hoped to see them realised."

To the English reader this new edition of the selections will be invaluable. Miss Selfe's name is a sufficient guarantee for the translation, which admirably reproduces the direct and simple style of the original. The selections are joined together by the headings of the untranslated chapters; and carefully prepared indexes and references to Dante's works complete a most useful volume.

J. S. Carroll.

Novel Notes.

POISON ISLAND. By "Q." 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

There is not a boy, young or old, who will not envy Harry Brooks, and feel the potential love of adventure stir in him as he accompanies him in fancy from Falmouth to Mortallone. It was at Mr. Stimcoe's academy at Falmouth that Harry first heard of the hidden treasure from the redoubtable Captain Coffin, a very choice ruffian, who paid for the possession of the secret with his life, and involved Harry's father in the coil of his destiny. Thus it came about that Harry was the possessor of a chart which spelled fortune or death to its owner, and was the key to a vast treasure in a remote and lonely island where the notorious pirate, Martin, disguised as Dr. Beauregard, lived in solitary and splendid infamy, poisoning and burying relays of treasure-hunters as they came, and dwelling, unknown to himself, close to the hidden treasure for which he had sold his soul. When the people of the West resolve on action, they do it, it has been said, "in their own ridiculous and inimitable way." These are the only adjectives that fit the expedition which set out under the command of Captain Branscome, formerly usher at Stimcoe's academy. The ship's company included Miss Plinlimmon, who wrote inimitable and ridiculous verses, and Miss Belcher, who was so inimitable in every walk of life that the ruffianly Beauregard, when he encountered her, felt as the wind-mill did when the Don tilted against it. In fact, Dr. Beauregard was so puzzled that after a final bout of poisoning, he took a dose himself and died, like T. Mivins, of disgust. There are novelists enough who can curdle blood. But the author of "Dead Man's Rock" has lost none of his cunning in plot-construction, and the letter "Q" is here, as always, the hall-mark of a prose style compacted of wit and humour and scholarship.

EXTON MANOR. By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

A mosaic, not a miniature, is what Mr. Marshall's story of "Exton Manor" reminds us of: tragedy and comedy worked in well-selected detail. And we realise that an artist may gain a large effect with chippings of marble as well as with the hewn block. The result depends upon the artist more than upon his methods. Mr. Marshall possesses the skill to make an admirable whole out of quiet-coloured and ordinary material. "Exton Manor" is a roomy, easy, leisurely piece of writing, a novel of country life, family life, everyday life. It has been likened by many reviewers to the work of Anthony Trollope, and undoubtedly with truth; but added to the Trollopian style are a modern keenness and subtlety which were not so definitely revealed in Trollope's novels. We are introduced to the pleasant circle at Exton on an ordinary evening, when Captain Turner, a middle-aged bachelor, drives off from his comfortable home to a quiet dinner with Mrs. Redcliffe and Hilda—a pleasant, kindly mother and daughter—and Mrs. O'Keefe—a beautiful young widow—picking up Maximilian Browne on his way. Maximilian, another middle-aged bachelor, is the agent to the Manor of Exton, and during the friendly meal all discuss the news which he has just brought—that old Lady Wrotham is coming to Exton to make her home at the Abbey. The story which follows, long and friendly and clever and charming, is concerned with the small country circle after Lady Wrotham, who is narrow and honest and Protestant, comes into it. Lady Wrotham is one who verily suffers at the very thought of papacy; the vicar, good man, is ritualistic; the vicar's wife is an ill-tempered snob; the vicar's son is a "good sort" in his way, but extravagant and weak oftener than he is strong; Lady Wrotham's son is a very human lover; and Hilda Redcliffe and Norah O'Keefe are essentially girls to be loved. Mr. Marshall, out of his keen observation, can give us such a minute description as that of Captain Turner settling down to read a novel by his own fire after his return from the Redcliffe dinner; or out of his clever insight he can give us good, quiet dialogue, suggesting so much more than it tells, such as that between the vicar's wife and her beloved son, when she meets him at the station, and feels she must speak to him on the disagreeable subject of his tailor's bill. The men and women at Exton are triumphantly real, never too good or too bad, and beneath the quiet chronicle of daily life run the big forces which mould and make and mar. This is a clean, clever story, with but a slight flaw or two of construction, written by an author of ability and many-sided knowledge of humanity.

RUNNING WATER. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

In none of his novels has Mr. Mason given us a subtler or more charming study in feminine psychology than is Sylvia Thesiger, the seventeen-year-old heroine of "Running Water." She has a certain strength and decision of character, but is not the less gentle, and winsome, and wholly womanly. The aimless, Bohemian life she leads with her mother, wandering about the Continent and having no other home than the different hotels they stay at, is distasteful to her; she fancies that her mother is to blame for the separation that has taken place betwixt herself and the father Sylvia cannot remember, and resolves that she will go home to him. When she finds him far different from the man she had imagined—he is a cunning rascal, who lives by cheating at cards, cultivating the acquaintance of affluent pigeons and ingeniously and thoroughly plucking them—she remains with him, hoping to influence him, and resolutely devotes herself to saving his latest victim from his clutches. Her father, a genial, gentlemanly rogue, divines her intention without resentment and he sets himself to baulk her with unruffled good-humour. Some of the most memorable episodes in the book are those that have the heights and snowy, vast abysses of the Alps for their theatre; and the finest descriptive passages are those in which one is made to

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feel the very silence and atmosphere of Alpine solitudes. The quiet, chequered love of Sylvia for the man she met at the inn on the mountain is an ever-present influence with her through the startling and sometimes sinister drama in which she plays a leading part, just as the pleasant sound of running water, near which she was born, whispers always through her dreams and has its share in the fashioning of her character. The story is an admirable mingling of romance and realism; it is alive with incident, and is written with the sympathetic imagination and high artistic cunning that mark all Mr. Mason's work.

WHEN HALF-GODS GO. By Jessie A. Davis. Price 6s. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

It is appropriate that a novel of this fine stamp and reach should be published by the firm who issued some of Mrs. Oliphant's earlier stories, for Miss Davis has produced a book which, in its own way, need not fear comparison with the best of these. This may seem almost extravagant praise, but most readers will probably be disposed to agree with it, as they lay down the story of Mary Douglas. She is a Selkirkshire girl, of good birth, whose career is shadowed, for herself, by a moment of compromising passion with a Captain Beaton. Her pure nature, with a touch of Highland pride in it, writhes under even the appearance of evil, and Miss Davis describes, subtly and strongly, how this affected her subsequent relations to Willoughby, her lover and husband. One criticism might be passed on the book. It tends to be a trifle didactic, or at least sententious, in parts. The characters occasionally speak too well. And reflections stud its pages, not always to the artistic unity of the tale. But the tone of the book is so fine, and its interest so absorbing, that one hardly cares to dwell upon this slight fault of technique, a fault which springs from the very care and conscientiousness of the authoress. Few novels of this type, now-a-days, are both wholesome and vital. Yet Miss Davis has succeeded in writing one which can lay claim to both qualities, and in doing so she will have earned, we doubt not, the gratitude of a wide public.

THE EVOLUTION OF KATHERINE. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Mr. Temple Thurston has certain irritating mannerisms: he has come largely under the influence of Meredith, and churns his language till it is over-thick with metaphor and epithet; he has a habit of too often addressing his readers as a cicerone addresses the party of pilgrims to whom he is pointing out and explaining the beauties and curiosities of a cathedral, as thus, at the beginning of his second book: "You come now to Tragedy, as a traveller, after sunny hours upon the King's highway of Romance, reaches the inevitable cross-roads where lie, buried with a stake struck through their bodies, the remains of those who had rather death than take the choice of ways;" or as thus, when he comments on John Spurrier's promise that his wife's first walk after her accident should be with him, "You see here a glimpse of the enthusiast;" or, again, "Here, then, you see, as the picture grows and the colours are mated, the difference between Katherine and Barbara." It is the superfluous talk of the showman, and there is a touch of condescension about it, an air of affectation, which one regrets the more because, apart from these jarring trivialities, "The Evolution of Katherine" is a novel of great power and originality. Its psychology is brilliantly acute, and it bristles with shrewd and profound axioms and epigrams. Once you are reconciled to its mannerisms, the story grows upon you and grips you; its characters are intensely alive, and the whole study of Katherine's strong but essentially feminine personality is a fascinating and masterly piece of work.

DANIEL QUAYNE. By J. S. Fletcher. Price 6s. (John Murray.)

When a story shows independent vigour, it is scarcely fair to say anything that might serve to suggest a derivative element in it, and it is only in order to let the reader "place" this book that one observes it might have had a place among Mr. Hardy's "Wessex Tales." It is a story of three people, substantially. The woman, Rosanna Lovesome, is a superior servant at a farm, where she covers a wanton nature under smooth, capable qualities. She plays, for her own selfish ends, on the simple soul of Daniel Quayne, her fellow-servant, and contrives, in his absence through illness, to ensnare her master, "a man as clever as the woman was clever, but not clever enough to avoid the snare, not strong enough to resist the latent, slowly-aroused passion that ate him up as fire eats up fine wool." The tragedy comes suddenly. Daniel, awakened tardily to the situation of affairs, murders Campion and Rosanna in a fit of outraged love, and is executed for the crime. It is a simple story, told with extreme ability, and content to indicate, rather than to dwell upon, the sordid places. Mr. Fletcher has etched in his lines surely and suggestively, and the result is a fine study in temperament, with not a superfluous sentence or a morbid page. The rustic setting is admirable. It produces the effect of a Dutch rustic interior, where every figure and object stands out in bright relief against the sombre tragedy which slowly shapes itself in the midst.

TEMPTATION. By Richard Bagot. Price 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

This novel is hardly so arresting and varied as some of the author's previous Italian tales. It takes genius to carve a face on a cherry-stone, and even when it is done, the suspicion rises whether it was worth doing. Mr. Bagot spends over 370 dexterous pages upon the delineation of a vulgar, discontented wife, who betrays her vulgarity by low suspicions of an honest husband, and seeks to revenge herself, as well as to secure a sphere for her social ambitions, by tempting his heir and cousin to ally himself with her in an illicit love which includes the removal of the said husband. An overdose of morphia is administered by her to him. But the success of the scheme leads the widow to reveal it, in a moment of terror and guilty pride, to Fabrizio, and he, instead of condoning, is shocked. To prevent the discovery of her guilt, threatened by an autopsy, she commits suicide. Such is the plot, sordid and trivial enough. The only interesting characters are the husband, Ugo, and the minor figures of the old servant and the duchess. Fabrizio is a *dilettante* follower of Schopenhauer, upon whom the reader wastes little sympathy, and Cristina's untruthfulness, low cunning, and suspiciousness are unredeemed by any heroic quality, even of hot passion. Altogether, the story, if it had to be told, would have gained by being half its length. Psychological analysis is not Mr. Bagot's *forte*, nor is it the style of a successful novel.

CONFLICT. By Constance Smedley. Price 6s. (Constable and Co.)

There is usually some apprehension in one's mind when a writer turns from one field to another. You wonder doubtfully if the success in the first sphere will be repeated under different conditions, and one's experience is not always—perhaps not often—a pleasant disappointment. Miss Smedley, however, is an exception to the rule. Those who remember the charm of her idyllic novel, "For Heart o' Gold," will find her grasp of character and delicate insight equally in evidence throughout the pages of this modern, semi-realistic story. She handles the conflict of feminine ideals in contemporary life—on the one hand, the woman whose aim is to win man's worship by more or less sensuous methods; on the other hand, the woman who sees before her the call to develop independence, energy, and responsibility. In the hands of a crude, second-rate author, one can readily imagine how this plot would fare. But Miss Smedley is too able to decline upon the obvious and untrue juxtaposition of these types. Mrs. Ellesmere and Mary are deftly drawn. Their natures come out with wonderful variety and reality, through their relations to men like Cuvier and his secretary. There is a slight element of improbability at the very start, it is true, when a tube manufacturer in Birmingham bequeaths his entire business to his lady secretary. But once this is over, the story runs on with artistic self-restraint and genuine romantic interest. All women who are alive to the position of their sex to-day, should read the book for themselves, and then pass it on to their male relatives.

THE LONG ROAD. By John Oxenham. Price 6s. (Methuen.)

In his latest novel Mr. Oxenham gives us a good book, a healthy book, a book which makes us feel better for the

reading of it. Tolstoi has made us realise something of the bitterness, the wondering sense of injustice, and the child-like submission, rising at times to a wild fury of rebellion, that go to make up that strange blend, the soul of the Russian *moujik*. Turgenieff shows another side, and we get glimpses now and then in his sketches of the irresponsible humour, the drollery and fitful brightness of the Slav temperament. Mr. Oxenham gives us both aspects, though there is perhaps more sorrow than happiness in the story of Stepan Iline. Stepan's earliest remembrances are of injustice and oppression, injustice that banished his parents from their home in Kazan, and sent them, exiles, to settle in far Irkutsk. Here he grows up, a boyhood and youth of joyous vigour find their consummation in an idyllic marriage, and a short season of happiness ends when, having offended the overbearing Governor of his district, he is torn from wife and child, doomed by a cruel decree to wander till his death, never stopping for more than ten days in one place. Happiness comes to him again, though for all too short a time. His wife and children join him, he becomes a sort of travelling pedlar, and very charming is the picture of domestic life on the road. Then comes tragedy again. Worn out by the perils and hardships of winter travel, the brave-hearted young wife, Katia, succumbs, and is quickly followed by the children, Katenka and the little Stepan. Iline becomes an altered man, he still remains a wandering trader, but he nurses only in his heart an undying grief and an undying hatred—grief for his lost dear ones, and hatred of the tyrant, Paschkin, whose cruelty brought about their death. He resolves to kill Paschkin—to wait, years if need be, for his opportunity—then to rid the world of a monster, and after meet that death joyously which will restore him to his beloved dead. Years pass on, the opportunity comes, and he finds Paschkin in his power, but the murderer's hand is stayed by the sight of a little child, the image of his own Katenka. He lets Paschkin go, but something in his brain snaps, and he flees away into the snow. Weeks elapse, and we find him, a half-witted savage, living like a wild beast among the dreariness of the frozen *tundras*. Gradually memory comes back, he returns to civilisation and the one friend left to him, his old partner, Peter Krop. For years his caravan is a familiar object on the roads of the Yenisei, and all the children first, and then their mothers, grow to love this silent, kindly Stepan Iline, lonely ever, save for the little white owl which had been his daughter's pet. Then one day they find him lying dead in his travelling house, with the "little white brother" nestling into his sheepskin coat, and the horses' heads set towards Chernsk, where Katia lies buried. Thus ends a very beautiful story. The little Katenka who gave her cake to the poor mud-boy is very daintily portrayed in a photogravure frontispiece by Mr. Harold Copping.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT. By Jane Wardle. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

This is said to be the first work of a woman writer; and whether or not these statements are accurate, the author or authors (we suspect collaboration) are to be congratulated, for it is a sound piece of work that is highly interesting and bears no trace of the inexperienced hand. Of course, the writer may be, as we are advised by the title-page, a woman; but the manner is extraordinarily masculine, the humour is not that of the type employed by women novelists, and an intimate knowledge is betrayed of what takes place at "smoking concert" Saturday nights at a Bohemian Club called the Black Cat. Bohemia will have no difficulty in penetrating the thin disguise and recognising in the Black Cat a club with premises near Covent Garden and no affection for advertisement. The Black Cat chapter is well done; and it is not done in the way a woman would have done it. It is to the Black Cat on a concert Saturday night that the central figure of the tale, Stephen Cartmel, an artist, who has the temperament from which the volume takes its title, goes with a friend and witnesses the quaint, exuberant ongoings of the members, many of whom are advanced in years. Suburbia and Bohemia are neatly mixed in "The Artistic Temperament"; for Cartmel has a studio in Chelsea, and the story concerns itself chiefly with his intrigue with the beautiful young wife of a wealthy Upper Tooting haberdasher. In the opening passages a "reception" at the haberdasher's villa is pictured with much zest and many touches which show "Jane Wardle" to be a skilled observer and analyst of Suburbia. The model in these early pages is Dickens, whose method is closely copied, especially in regard to the description of one Jennings, a City man, whose affection for whisky is marked. The intrigue of the painter and the haberdasher's wife is unpleasant; Cartmel's treachery to the haberdasher being extensive and unpardonable; but the backslidings are recounted with much knowledge of human nature. "The Artistic Temperament" is a book that will be talked about, and it deserves to be.

The Bookman's Table.

CERTAIN DELIGHTFUL ENGLISH TOWNS. By W. D. Howells. 10s. 6d. (Harpers.)

Those who expect to find in these recorded impressions of some dozen English cities, taken at random, that raciness and briskness of movement which they might have looked for in the work of an American writer so well known as Mr. Howells, will be somewhat disappointed. We do in truth meet, here and there in this book, with an entertaining anecdote, a stray flash of genuine humour, but much that is obviously intended to amuse evokes merely a sense of tedium, and in going over ground rich beyond measure in historical and romantic reminiscence, the author, only too often, fails signally to move or thrill us. It may be that this sort of writing aims principally at catering for Transatlantic tastes, or merely that Mr. Howells has failed to hit upon a novel way of telling us that which we already know. We do not take special exception to the irritating Americanisms, both of orthography and idiom, though these are plenty, as Mr. Howells would probably say. Rather is it that the book is lacking in colour. Yet there are, as we have said, good things in it. A short passage in the description of Exeter Cathedral is quite beautiful. "Let the reader take any picture of it, and then imagine something of that form, vastly old and dark, richly wrought over in the stone to the last effects of tender delicacy by the miracles of Gothic art. So let him suppose the edifice set among the leafless elms, in which the tattered rooks' nests swing blackening, on a spread of close greensward, under a low welkin, where thin clouds break and close in a pallid blue, and he will have as much of Exeter Cathedral as he can hope to have without going there to see for himself; it can never otherwise be brought to him in words of mine." And of the same Cathedral it amuses us to learn that "the Commonwealth's men deemed that they were doing God's will when they built a brick wall through it, and listened on one side to an Independent chaplain, and on the other to a Presbyterian minister. It is said that they 'had great quiet and comfort' in their worship on each side of the wall." Mr. Howells's best anecdote is against himself. "As we came into lunch we heard an elderly cleric, who had the air of lunching every day at the Butt of Malmsey, say to his waiter, 'The Americans are coming early this year.'" Mr. Howells is most interesting when he talks of Bath and its memories, memories of "the divine Jane Austen," of Fanny Burney, and beyond them of Steele, Fielding, Sheridan, and a host of others. We have stories of Beau Nash, and of days still earlier, when "taking the waters" was a much less luxurious and ceremonious affair than in the time of the immortal Master of the Ceremonies, times when

> "'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
> All wading with gentlemen up to their necks."

Then we have impressions of Wells, Bristol, Southampton, Folkestone, Canterbury, all with many illustrations, some excellent, most of them from photographs. Mr. Howells has been in Oxford too, and has perceived the spirit of the place, and drunk it in, and he tells us how it felt. He has felt also something of what he calls "the charm of Chester," he has made holiday among the hydros of Malvern, and, lastly, he has fared on a devout pilgrimage to the shrines of the Washington ancestors at Northampton and Shrewsbury.

OLD HAMPSHIRE VIGNETTES. By Author of "Mademoiselle Ixe." 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

This little book contains twenty-two sketches of men and women, chiefly of the labouring class. We know nothing of the author, but the sketches might well have been the loving work of a life full of congenial leisure, and spent largely among the people of whom she writes. She is distinctly not the author in a hurry to make use of her neighbourhood. We should rather conclude that her observations have been much more numerous than those she has put on paper; but that out of kindliness, even out of indolence, perhaps out of a dislike to put down anything not perfectly certain and clear, she has cut herself short many times. She gives us the key to the whole in a charming page—only a page—about the untarnished valley barely two hours from London, where the people are known to strangers "for their dulness, their apathy, their capacity for doing nothing—invaluable qualities in these times, the source of future sanity and health perhaps, and destined, let us hope, to furnish presently an inestimable drag to the headlong career of the Midlands and the North." Her character sketches follow—a glimpse of their features and dress, a little of their past history and the nature of their present work or retirement, an anecdote or two, a few sentences of conversation, perhaps to illustrate a peculiarity, a comment or two, kindly, pitiful, not without condescension, and the thing ends, for perhaps it is nearing four o'clock, and callers begin to disturb the country house. There is nothing profound, no deep emotion shown or dealt with, and we have usually the feeling that we are being taken round to see these people by a real lady, who differs only from her equals by thinking these things worth while. In conversation she does not get beyond this:—

"'I zeed a young 'eifer, zur, t'other day at Varmer Coles over by Sarton there as 'ad just about zute you. I zays to Varmer Coles, zays I, there's a gent up our way as is a var sight better varmer nor you and me, zays I; and that there 'eifer, zays I, might zute 'e.'

"'What was it like?'

"'A little beauty, zur, you may depend on't, fur I shouldn't wish to offer you no other.'

"'How much does he ask for it?'

"'Well, 'e did name —— pounds.'

"'Oh! nonsense. I shouldn't think of giving anything like that.'

"'Jest what I zays to 'un, Maester Blank; jest what I zays to 'un. 'Tis no use, zays I, to try and impose upon that gent, zays I, fur 'tis a gent as knaws a lawt about cattle, and I wouldn't stand by to see 'un put upon neither, zays I. . . .'"

But, within its limits, it could hardly be better done. There is no exaggeration; the writing is a model of adequacy and ease. A sweet personality bathes the whole, and in the end the total impression is one of peace and quaintness and thatch that we need not believe in, and yet should be sorry to do without. A sense of tears is not absent; yet, such is the delicacy and restraint, that this does but impart a spice of melancholy as of autumn coming gently among the beeches. No problems have been roused, though of course they sleep there, and we rise with renewed gratitude to the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe."

THE CENSORSHIP OF THE CHURCH OF ROME AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE PRODUCTION AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF LITERATURE. By G. H. Putnam. In two volumes. Vol. I. $2.50 net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

It is no small matter to attempt a general survey of the censorship of books from early times to the present day, and the student who possesses even a superficial acquaintance with the wilderness of catalogues and records which form the Prohibitory and Expurgatory Indexes, stands in awe of the work which Mr. G. H. Putnam has undertaken and successfully carried out (if we may judge from the first of his two volumes) in his recently published book, "The Censorship of the Church of Rome and its Influence upon the Production and the Distribution of Literature." The author has had the advantage of making a personal examination of a large number of the catalogues, and he divides his work into chronological sections, the first volume ending in 1780 with the account of the Jansenist Controversy and the Bull Unigenitus. He devotes a whole chapter to the Tridentine Index, which, with but few exceptions, influenced all the later decrees. In the first volume Mr. Putnam includes a bibliographical list of authorities, and in the second he is to insert a schedule of the Catalogues themselves. His work will, no doubt, render excellent service to the student of the complex and fascinating subject, Literary Censorship.

MADAME DE STAAL AND HER LOVERS. By Francis Gribble. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The contemporaries of Mme. de Stael regarded her as a great politician, a great philosopher, and a great novelist, and her biographers have hitherto shown her in one or another of these lights. Mr. Francis Gribble, however, in his new work, "Madame de Stael and her Lovers," endeavours to depict a woman whose real being was influenced not so much by the homage, applause, sympathy, or jealousy of such men as Talleyrand, Byron, the Duke of Wellington, the Russian Emperor, and, indirectly, Napoleon himself, as by her struggle to achieve happiness in loving and being beloved. The author states that sentiment rather than philosophy was the thing that really mattered to her, and in proof of this assertion he takes much of his material from Benjamin Constant's *Journal Intime*, that "pitiful piece of self-analysis" from which Lady Blennerhassett first quoted extracts in her Life of Madame de Stael. He has also had access to the letters of Benjamin Constant's cousin Rosalie to her brother Charles, and some of Constant's letters to near relatives, with the result that it is Constant himself who usurps much of the interest of the book. Madame de Stael had a strong character, and she may have been capable of a grand passion, but she does not appear to the best advantage in managing affairs of the heart. She was too impetuous, too unreasonable, too fickle, in short, too uncontrolled to win respect in this direction, and to present her from this side alone is seemingly to deprive her of the more forcible and lovable part of her personality.

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. With an Introduction by Professor Edward Dowden. The London Library. 2s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

Professor Dowden quotes from his former well-known Life of Shelley in his present introduction, repeating this finely felt similitude:—

"Sailors, says a French poet, sometimes beguile the tedium of their voyage by putting a captured albatross through his paces on the deck; the great white wings of the bird of sea and sky droop piteously by his side and impede his movements, while he struggles amidst the jeering crowd. As skilless and comical as the albatross did Shelley appear in Hogg's eyes, when he had deserted his region of upper air for this substantial earth of ours."

But the truth is, Shelley never did desert his region of upper air. Shelley is the poet for youth; but, conceivably, we may easily find those of our contemporaries among older bookmen, who will hardly be inclined to admit there can be much greater happiness on "this substantial earth of ours" than the renewal in prosaic later years of that delight in a poet evoked in the springtime of life when all the world was young. To such readers it may be curious to contrast the judgment they formed of a book in the past with their judgment now on looking into a reprint: and it is possible they will endorse our accusation against Hogg, that he has really played the part of a mischief-maker between them and Shelley, depreciating him (so far as his individual character goes) in their esteem. It is on a reperusal of the book, with greater knowledge of what Mr. Venus calls "the human warious," that we detect the egoist, and the issues are no longer confused for us by our clever and amusing author. On the contrary, we see in every chapter Hogg betrays himself, and not Shelley. However all this may be adjudged, of course it remains essential that the student of Shelley should consult Hogg. The present welcome issue may send him again to Trelawny, who has been reprinted also, in another series.

MODERN SPAIN. By H. Butler Clarke. Cambridge Historical Series. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr. Butler Clarke's death occurred under peculiarly sad circumstances about two years ago, but the manuscript of this book was then in the Editor's hands, and it has had the advantage of being seen through the Press by the most competent authority. The limits of the book would seem to have been too narrow for the author, who had so intimate a

knowledge of Spain and Spanish affairs, and one feels a little of the disappointment occasioned to some students by a well-known book in the same series, "The Union of Italy," that was merely a catalogue of facts, yet compiled by such a master of Italian politics as Dr. Stillman. The great object of history, Bishop Creighton used to remind us, is to trace the continuity of national life, and discover and estimate the ideas on which that life is founded; but we do not think Mr. Butler Clarke has attempted to give us any adequate estimation of those ideas of "Old Spain" that so strenuously resisted the Napoleonic idea and that, later, offered encouragement to Don Carlos. Indeed, the confused struggles of the Cristinos and Carlists are treated as if they were on much the same level of importance as the street brawls of the Montagus and Capulets, and the author has rather the air of saying, "A plague on both your houses!" We feel a want of largeness of treatment not only in the internal history, but in the external history of the country, as in the account of O'Donnell's foreign policy in 1861, and in the scant mention of the Conference of Verona in 1822. A brief sentence mentions the Monroe Doctrine, and little explanation is given of it. Yet in a history of Spain including the period of that critical assemblage of troops at Cadiz in 1819 for embarkation to America, and concluding with the recent war with the United States, one would expect grave consideration of the phenomena which had elicited Canning's famous boast, "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old."

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

Mr. Herbert W. Macklin veritably gives us history in brass in his new volume, contributed to Messrs. Methuen and Company's "Antiquary's Books," **The Brasses of England** (7s. 6d. net). In chronological order he tells, not only of the monumental brasses from the thirteenth century down, but also of brass ornaments, chalices, crosses, and palimpsest brasses—the story of the religious orders, of foreign workers, of the Church despoliation, and many another subject kindred to the main theme of brass monuments. It is a captivating method for impressing the historical interest of the specimens at the same time as it describes them, and pictures them by means of a generous meed of illustration.

MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

Unhesitatingly we can recommend to teachers and students of wood-carving Miss Eleanor Rowe's careful and detailed volume, **Practical Wood-Carving**, 7s. 6d. net, with its simply worded instruction, advice, and numerous illustrations. Miss Rowe has been for twenty years manager of the School of Art Wood-Carving, at South Kensington, and is in a position to know in what way a pupil most needs help and a teacher can best give it. This book, while being a handsome and interesting one, is not too handsome and interesting to be a text-book for beginners, as well as an inspiration, assistant, and delight to the more advanced carver. It tells of styles and influences, and also of tools and methods; it tells of foreign artists, and also of trade terms, and the best way to fix a bench and sharpen a blade. Miss Rowe's book appeals to architects and designers, as well as to wood-carvers, and by word and picture and diagram shows into what beautiful treasures wood may be made, and how well worth doing is such lasting and satisfying and dignified work.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Of whatever shade of political opinion we may be, we may gain something from a tolerant and calm reading of the papers by various writers which are brought together in the volume lately published by Mr. Murray, **The Manufacture of Paupers,** A Protest and a Policy (2s. 6d. net). It deals with the questions now pressed upon us, relating to the feeding of school-children, old-age pensions, the treatment of the unemployed, the hospitals, and so forth. The writers are men of experience, and in bringing forward their own views, they also introduce the arguments used by those of another opinion. This is useful discussion, and may help towards some solving of the problem how to do our duty by the deserving poor without committing that crime towards character brought about by wholesale pauperisation. Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*, contributes an outspoken preface.

MR. W. HEINEMANN.

The Expensive Miss Du Cane, who dominates the new novel written by S. Macnaughten (6s.), is a gracious, charming young woman who typifies in her own person the brightness and the darkness, the outer pleasant cheerfulness, and the possible inner sadness of country-house visiting. Miss du Cane was not the professionally charming woman; she made no efforts, seemingly; but "she found a very gracious form of courtesy accorded to her wherever she went. No one ever gave her an inferior room; she never found locked cupboards in her bedroom, nor the bottom drawer of her chest of drawers filled with her hostess's winter furs." But—Miss du Cane, though beautifully and well dressed on every occasion, was poor. The man who loved her had also known poverty, and in spite of love he could not face it again. That the quiet, well-bred way of merely doing nothing, when hearts are hungry and broken, is perhaps worse to bear with than upheavals and scenes and painful partings, is a fact driven home very forcibly in this clever story.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS.

Susan, the apple-cheeked heroine of Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow's new novel (6s.), is Miss Gertrude Langley's maid, and in the first chapter we see her amusingly distracted and preoccupied by an unusual and amazing love-letter. The letter is written by Lord Ruddington, who has, it seems, fallen in love with her at sight. Susan is not conscious of having seen Lord Ruddington, and in her perplexity she replies to him in the words of an antiquated "Letter-Writer," but before posting this she confesses the situation to her mistress. This is an excellent beginning, and the author works his idea out in a light and entertaining manner, with sufficient seriousness to prevent his story from becoming mere farce. Miss Langley herself is young and pretty, and Gibson, the groom, makes a capital fourth to this story of a couple of couples.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

In **A Lost Summer** (6s.) Theo Douglas tells of an Englishman who had two knocks on the head; the first made him lose all recollection of his former life; the second restored to him the recollection of the former life, but blotted out the interval. As several important things happened during that interval—including his marriage—a series of complications arose, which, as may be imagined, make a lively story. We scarcely agree with the author, however, in deeming that interval a "lost" summer; to us it seemed a distinct gain, for we do what we are intended to do—we greatly prefer the wife the hero acquired to the one he very nearly acquired.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

If Mrs. C. S. Peel, in her excellent little "Cook-book," **Fish, and How to Cook it** (1s. net.), told nothing further than how to kill a lobster other than in the diabolical way prevalent in most households, her book would be worth more than the money asked. As it is, however, she adds to this valuable instruction scores of hints for the housekeeper of limited means and the single-handed mistress of a house, and gives her at the same time fish recipes which make many a table freshly attractive in the future. Fish soups, soufflés, and quenelles are comparatively little known in the simpler houses, yet it is in just these houses that these truly economical dishes are so suitable. Another "Cook-book," which will be particularly welcome in these days of vegetarianism and attempts at so-called "simple-life," tells of **Dishes Made Without Meat** (1s. net). Here, in addition to pages full of the most appetising vegetable dishes and salads, are instructions how to keep, prepare, and cook vegetables, and to make sauces, omelets, curries, and other dishes without meat.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN AND SONS.

A new edition of Boswell's Johnson requires justification. For Boswell's idolatry has been equalled by a long line of illustrious and zealous editors and commentators, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition seemed the *ne plus ultra*. But even the first instalment of this edition of **Boswell's Johnson** (in twelve parts, 1s. net each) convinces us that something still remains to be done in the embellishment of this great masterpiece and glory of English biography. There is no book in our literature that so insistently calls for illustration, and it has been left to Mr. Ingpen to detect this now apparently obvious gap and to fill it in a manner that calls for nothing but welcome and praise. Each part will have a photogravure frontispiece—in this instance we are given a fine portrait of Johnson—and the complete work will contain some four hundred illustrations. The feature of the edition is its splendid wealth of illustrations, to which Mr. Ingpen, by a happy thought, has added explanatory notes, which form a new and valuable commentary to the best loved English classic. The book is beautifully produced, and has only to be seen to be bought.

Reprints and New Editions.

As everyone must be the better for reading **Lord Chesterfield's Advice to His Son,** in the revised version, parents and guardians should welcome the cheap edition, just published by Mr. Philip Wellby (2s. 6d.). It is a plain, tastefully produced volume, in clear type on light paper, well and attractively arranged. No one will ever say of Lord Chesterfield's "Advice," what Lord Chesterfield himself declared he always said to a "pert jackanapes" "who endeavoured to shine in company by second-hand finery" of speech. "*Well, and so!*" was his questioning comment, "as if he had not done." He can always be "witty without satire, and serious without being dull"; and in spite of its age his wisdom is fresh to-day, and no unsafe guide, in this form, for any young man beginning his career.

From Mr. Henry Frowde come two more of the pretty volumes in his "World's Classics Series" (1s. each net)—two volumes which will be extremely popular, each with its own particular circle of readers. These are **Horae Subsecivae,** by Dr. John Brown, which contains, among others favourites, the inimitable "Rab and His Friends," and **Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures,** by Douglas Jerrold, with original illustrations—that interesting example of early-Victorian humour which convulsed the world in the "forties."

New Books of the Month.

February 10th to March 10th.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BAILEY, CYRIL, M.A.—The Religion of Ancient Rome, 1s. net (Constable)

BELL, REV. CHARLES C., M.A.—Friend and Foe in the Spiritual Life, 1s. 6d. net ..... (Mowbray)

BLEWETT, GEORGE JOHN.—The Study of Nature and the Vision of God. With Other Essays in Philosophy (Briggs, Toronto)

BRIGGS, CHARLES AUGUSTUS, D.D., and EMILIE GRACE BRIGGS, B.D.—Psalms: A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of. In 2 vols. Vol. II. 10s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark)

BUSSELL, F. W.—Christian Theology and Social Progress, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)

The Bampton Lectures for 1905, in which Mr. Bussell touches more nearly than most preachers of his calibre, the real human facts and needs and tendencies of the modern world, while never lowering his standard of dignity, and of the requirements of the lectureship.

DRESSER, HORATIO W.—The Greatest Truth, and Other Discourses, 3s. 6d. ..... (Gay and Bird)

LODGE, SIR OLIVER, F.R.S.—The Substance of Faith Allied with Science, 2s. net ..... (Methuen)

McCABE, JOSEPH.—The Bible in Europe, 2s. 6d. net ... (Watts)

McGINLEY, A. A.—The Profit of Love. Studies in Altruism. 5s. net ..... (Longmans)

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